THE TIGER

1922

Edwardsville

High School

THE TIGER

NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-TWO

Volume Nine

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
Edwardsville High School
Edwardsville, Illinois

30883

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FOREWORD

The Class of 1922 takes a pleasure in presenting to you this Ninth Volume of The Tiger. It is our hope that the book may be enjoyed by all of you and that it may offend none. In future years may it recall the bright and sunny side of the year 1922 in the Edwardsville High School.

30883

To

MISS BEULAH McCLURE

We respectfully dedicate this volume in appreciation of the interest that she has shown in us during the past two years.

BOARD OF EDUCATION

Thomas Williamson, President.

B. H. Richards, Jr.
E. A. Bollman
E. D. Bell
C. A. Wentz
Ed McLean
C. H. Spilman

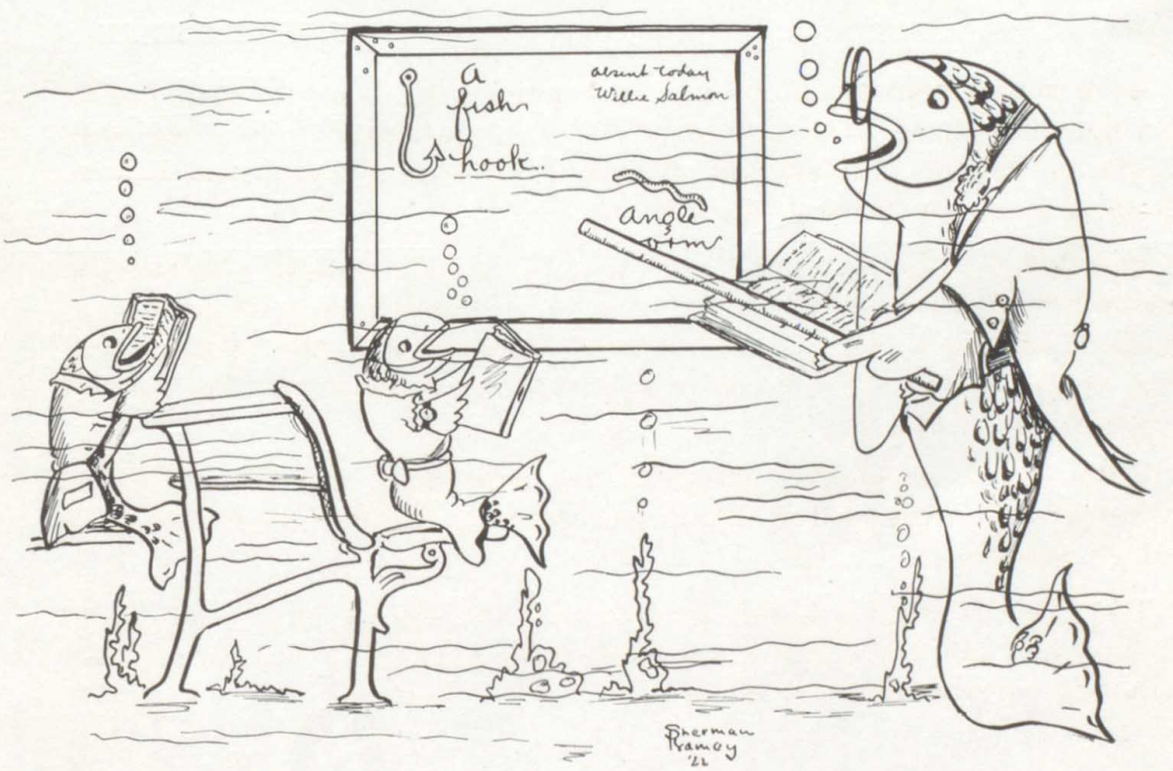
As each new year is ushered in, there comes with it increased demands. These demands mark the trend of progress educationally. It is the wise and efficient Superintendent and Board of Education that know how to meet these needs in the best possible way.

The Board of Education believes that the general aim of education is to make individuals wish each other well, to increase the sum of human energy and happiness, decrease the sum of discomfort of the humans that are or will be, and encourage higher and impersonal pleasures. The schools have not failed in this.

Little new or expensive equipment has been added this year. The energy has all been expended to strengthen and keep up the high standard of the High School.

The Class of 1922 is highly grateful for the sincere efforts put forth in their behalf and trust that in the succeeding years all other classes may continue to enjoy similar privileges.

FACULTY


a fish hook.
absent today
Willie Salmon
angle worm
Sherman Ramey '22

CHAS. F. FORD
Superintendent
A. B., Knox College

W. W. KRUMSIEK
Principal
A .B., Central Wesleyan
University of Illinois

IRMA C. SLAYBACK
Science
B. S., Purdue University

NELL DEE
Domestic Science
B. S., McKendree College

CLEMENTINE REGAN

Music

Teachers' College, St. Louis

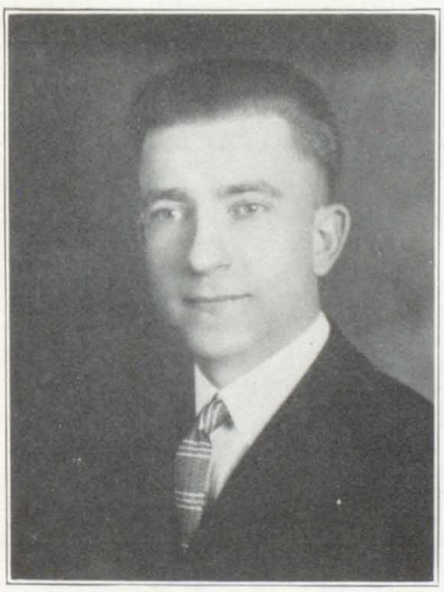
GRACE E. DAVIS

Commercial

Eureka College

Illinois State Normal University

University of Illinois

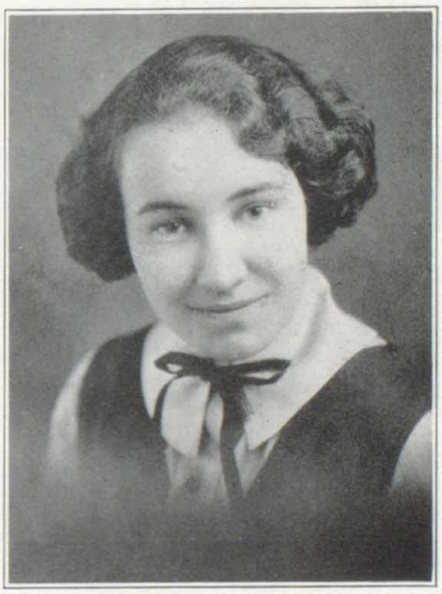


HENRY L. PORTER

Science

B. S., University of Illinois

Artillery, A. E. F.

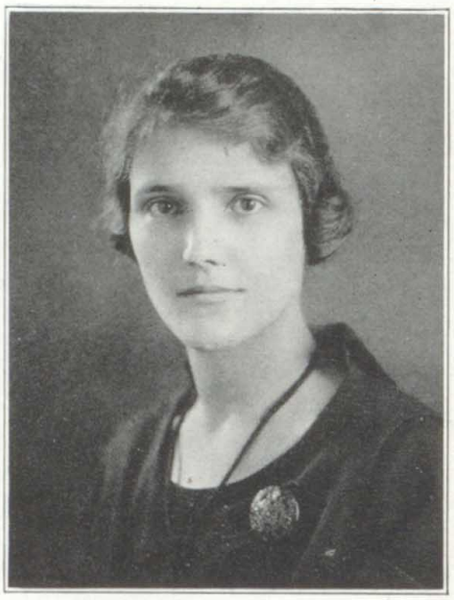


IRMA STUTZER

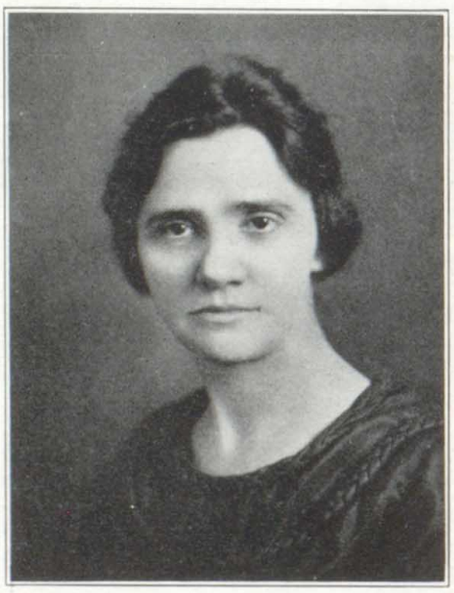
Commercial

Edwardsville High School

CARLA GEWE
English
A. B., Washington University



IRMA WILLETT
Mathematics
A. B., Washington University



FRANCES EATON
Mathematics
A. B., University of Illinois

ETHEL STAHL
English
A. B., Indiana University

EDNA WOODS

History

B. S., University of Missouri

WYATT A. RAWLINGS

Manual Training

A. B., McKendree College

U. S. Navy

BEULAH McCLURE

Languages

A. A., A. B., McKendree College

THE FACULTY

Did you ever hear about them?
The High School teachers corps;
There never was a faculty
That knew so much before.

First comes our superintendent,
The honorable Mr. Ford;
The pupils knew him long ago,
When they to High School soared.

All hail Professor Krumsiek,
Our principal so tall;
He teaches Economics,
And rules the 'sembly hall.

And then we find Miss Davis,
Who teaches us shorthand,
And though you search most every-
where,
Her equal's not on hand.

Across the way from her room
You'll see our short Miss Woods,
And though you're Prep or Senior,
She says, "Deliver the goods."

Now this year on the faculty
There is another member;
Miss Eaton's classes tell us
Her lessons you remember.

Miss Willet next we find on deck,
To teach us all the law,
And in your reasonings, says she,
"Let there be no flaw."

And in the language room again,
We have Miss B. McClure,
And if you want a favor done,
She says, "Oui, Oui, Monsieur."

Above the entrance facing east
We find Miss Stutzer's room,
Where tardy, poor, punk typists
Are sure to meet their doom.

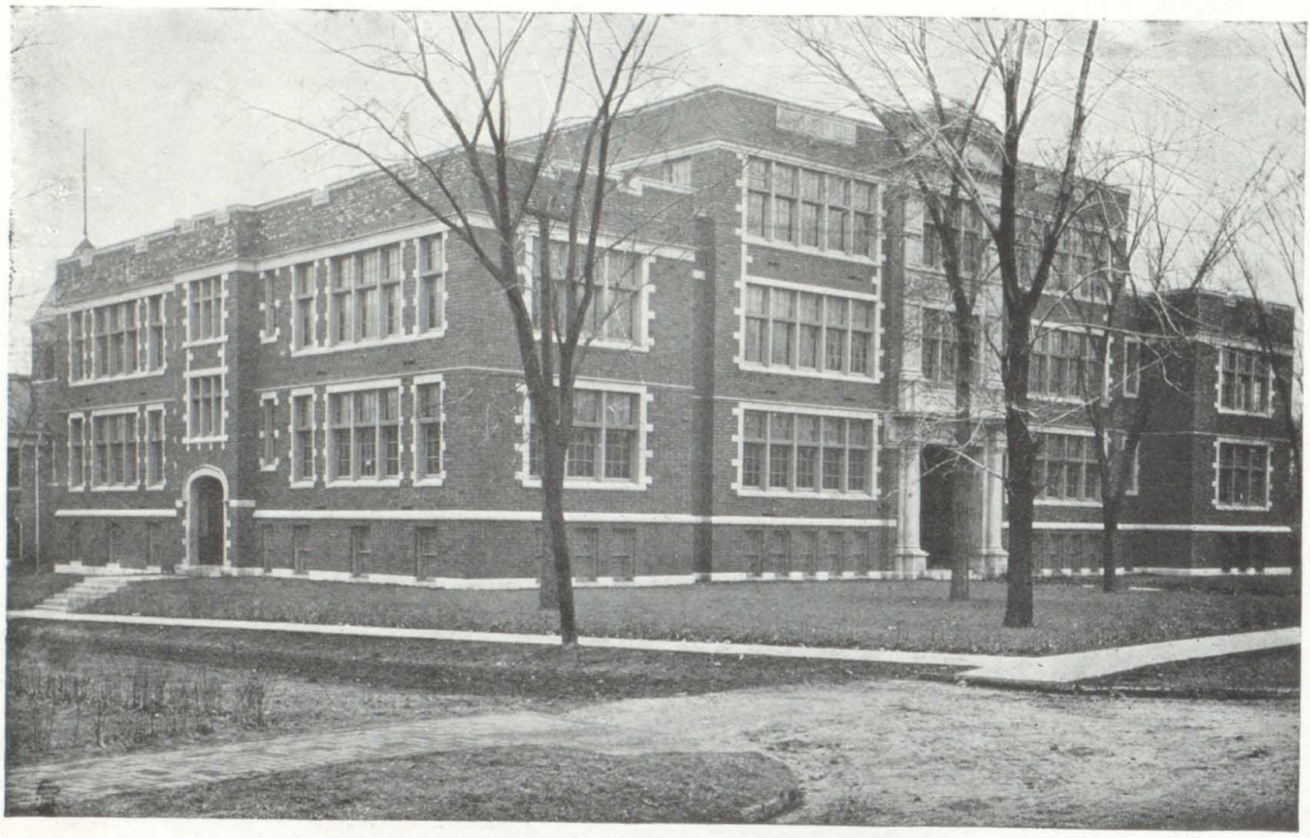
"Us Seniors has the worsted time,"
In English-four we see,
For there we are instructed
By pretty Miss Gewe.

The Juniors learn to drop their
"ain'ts"
In the room across the hall,
Where Juniors and Sophs are taught
to talk,
By one whom we all know—Miss
Stahl.

Coach Rawlings teaches woodwork
And basketball and track,
He taught his teams to play the game
And bring the "bacon" back.

Miss Dee is so obliging
In programs, masques, and all;
She teaches High School lassies
To bake cakes that never fall.

Miss Regan teaches music,
To those who try to sing,
And those who can't just sit and wait
For the passing bell to ring.



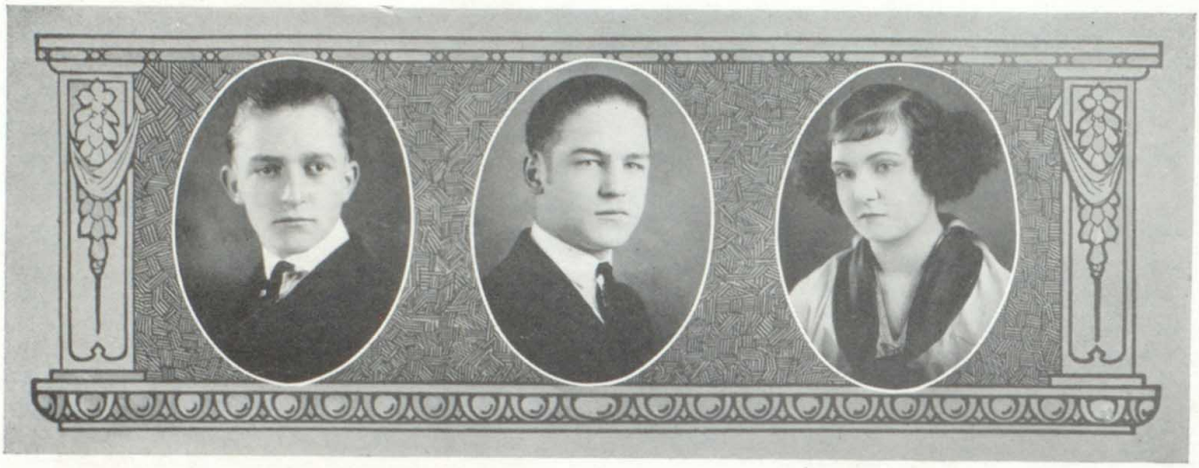
EDWARDSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

Mr. Porter teaches Physics
Upon the topmost floor;
And still they looked and still their
wonder grew,
That one single head could hold the
sum he knew.

Miss Slayback's fame is last, you see,
I hope she'll not feel hurt;
You know we save the sweetest
things
And keep them for dessert.

HARRIS V. LYNCH

SENIORS
Seniors
EHS



PRESIDENT

H. IRVING SMITH — **Agriculture** — **"SMITTY"**

Athletic Association
Basketball, 3 years
Football, 4 years, Captain 2 years
Track, 1 year
Commercial Club
Junior Play
Stratford Literary Society
Senior President
Junior Vice-President
Cheer Leader
Junior Play

VICE-PRESIDENT

WARREN FRUIT — **Scientific** — **"MAYOR"**

Athletic Association
Stratford Literary Society
Pickwick Literary Society
Junior Play
Baseball, '21
Football, '22
Commercial Club
Class Basketball

SECRETARY

LUCILLE DOEBLIN — **Commercial** — **"LUKE"**

Marathon
Athletic Association
Commercial Club
Pickwick Literary Society
Stratford Literary Society
Glee Club

CLASS MOTTO

"LE SERVICE, NON L'INVIDU"

CLASS COLORS: GREEN AND WHITE

WILLIE BAILEY "Willie"

Agriculture

O'Fallon Township High School
Athletic Association

OSCAR BARDELMEIER "Squire"

Scientific

Pickwick Society
Athletic Association
Class Basketball

COILA BECKMAN "Beckie"

Commercial

Olympian
Commercial Club, '20-'21
Pickwick Society
Athletic Association

LOUISE BLIXEN "Blix"

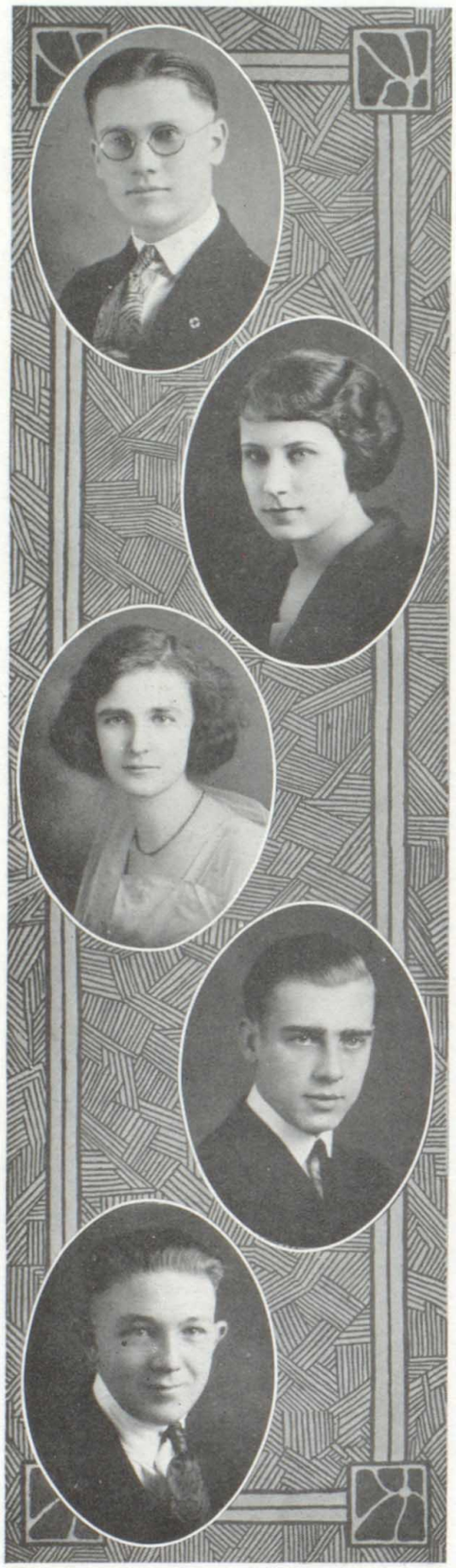
Commercial

Marathon
Athletic Association
Pickwick Society
Glee Club
Junior Play

EVELYN L. BOWER "Evvy"

Classical

Olympian, Captain, '21-'22
Athletic Association
Pickwick Literary Society



LLOYD CALDWELL "Gob"

General

U. S. Navy
Kansas City High School
Athletic Association
Basketball '22
Football '22
Stratford
Senior Quartette

GRACE CUNNINGHAM "Gray"

Teachers

Olympian
Athletic Association
Commercial Club, Vice-President, '21
Pickwick Literary Society, President, '21
Junior Play
Tiger Staff

HAZEL DE COTA "Frenchy"

Teachers

Marathon
Athletic Association
Stratford Literary Society
Pickwick Literary Society
Junior Play

WILLIAM DELICATE "Bill"

Classical

Athletic Association
Pickwick Literary Society
Stratford Literary Society
Junior Play
Class Basketball
E. H. S. Orchestra

LEO DUSTMANN "Irish"

Commercial

Commercial Club
Pickwick Literary Society
Athletic Association

OPAL ESTES "Polly"

Classical

Marathon
Athletic Association
Pickwick Literary Society
Glee Club
Junior Play

LEO FELDWORTH "Feld"

Agriculture

Athletic Association
Stratford Literary Society
Pickwick Literary Society
Commercial Club
Football, '21-'22
Junior Play
Class Basketball
Tiger Staff

EDWIN M. FIELDS "Ikey"

Scientific

Athletic Asssociation
Stratford Literary Society
Pickwick Literary Society
Junior Play
Senior Quartette
Class Basketball
Assistant Cheer Leader

M. ESTHER FUNKE "Billy"

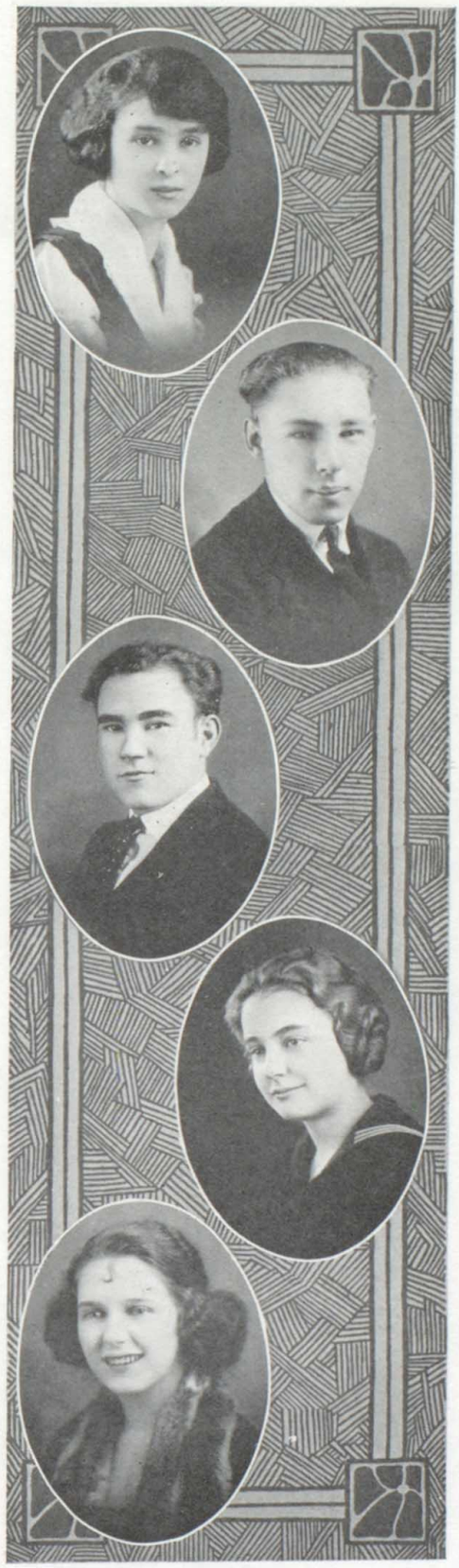
General

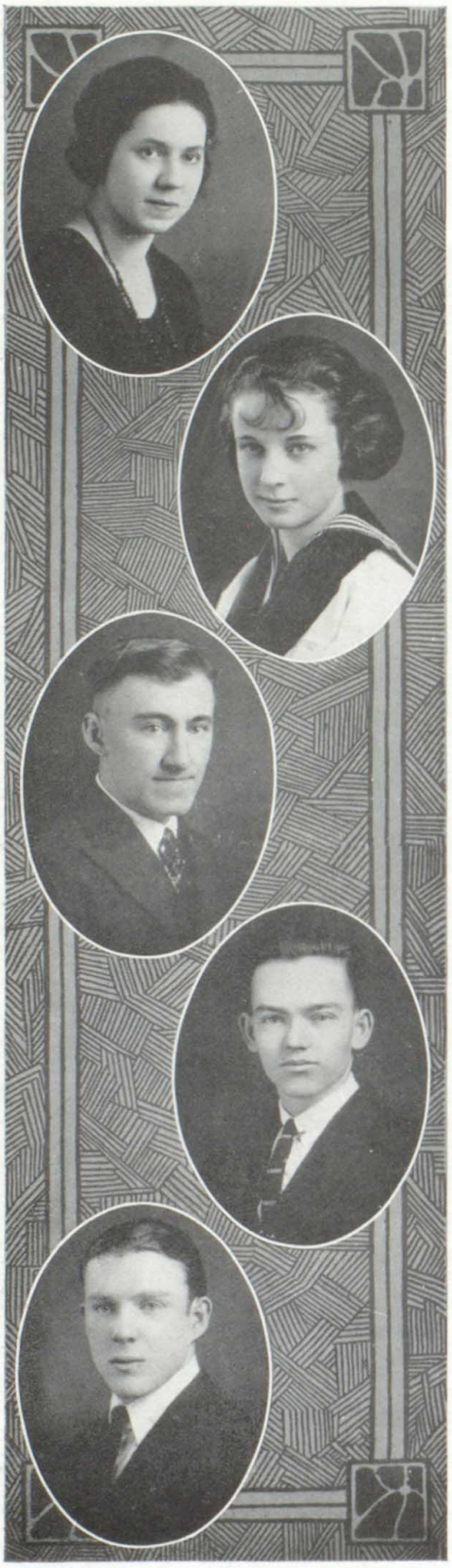
Athletic Association
Pickwick Literary Society
Marathon
Commercial Club
Three year student

DOROTHY D. GEERS "Dot"

Classical

Olympian
Stratford Literary Society
Pickwick Literary Society
Junior Play
Athletic Association
Sophomore President
Junior Secretary
Commercial Club





FRANCES GREBEL "France"

Commercial

Marathon
Pickwick Literary Society
Stratford Literary Society
Commercial Club
Junior Play
Athletic Association

ALOUISE HOTZ "Hotzie"

Commercial

Olympian
Athletic Association
Pickwick Literary Society
Commercial Club, Treasurer '21
Junior Play
Tiger Staff

EWALD E. HENKE "Cap"

General

Stratford Literary Society
Athletic Association

BERNARD M. KANE "Berney"

Engineering

Athletic Association
Commercial Club
Photo Club
Stratford Literary Society

HOWARD KEARNEY "Glare"

Scientific

Athletic Association
Junior Play
Stratord Literary Society
Pickwick Literary Society

IRENE KNACKSTEDT "Rene"

Commercial

Athletic Association
Pickwick Literary Society
Stratford Literary Society
Photo Club

NORVALL G. KOOGLE "Bullets"

Scientific

Athletic Association
Basketball, 4 years
Football, 4 years
Baseball, 2 years
Stratford Literary Society
Pickwick Literary Society
Commercial Club
Tiger Staff

GERTRUDE A. LONG "Gertie"

Teachers

Athletic Association, 4 years
Marathon, 4 years
Pickwick

WALTER H. LUEKER "Scotty"

General

Athletic Association, Treasurer, 2 years
Baseball, '20
Football, '20
Basketball, 4 years
Junior Play
Stratford Literary Society
Commercial Club
Assistant Cheer Leader
Tiger Staff

HARRIS V. LYNCH "Monk"

Scientific

Athletic Association
Basketball, 2 years
Baseball, '21
Football, '21
Track, '20
Stratford Literary Society
Pickwick Literary Society
Junior Play
Tiger Staff

MILDRED D. McCUNE "Cunnie"

Commercial

Marathon
Stratford Literary Society
Commercial Club
Pickwick Literary Club

LEO MACHA "Shorty"

Commercial

Athletic Association
Junior Play
Basketball, 2 years
Baseball, '21
Stratford Literary Society
Commercial Club
Pickwick Literary Society

CLARA M. MILLER "Milly"

General

Olympian
Athletic Association
Pickwick Literary Society
Photo Club

EDNA J. NAUMANN "Lanky"

Commercial

Olympian
Athletic Association
Commercial Club
Pickwick Literary Society

HILBERT NAUMANN "Dodo"

Commercial

Athletic Association
Football, '22
Basketball, '22
Commercial Club
Pickwick Literary Society
Junior Play

ANNA J. MANN "Veronica"

General

Hutchinson Central High School N. Y. '19-'20
South Park High School N. Y., '21
Marathon
Stratford Literary Society
Athletic Association

GRACE PIZZINI "Billie"

Commercial

Athletic Association
Olympian
Pickwick Literary Society
Commercial Club

SHERMAN T. RAMEY "Sherm"

General

Athletic Association
Commercial Club
Pickwick Literary Society
Stratford Literary Society
Los Gatos High School, California, '21

CARL B. RICHARDSON "Scoop"

Scientific

Athletic Association
Pickwick Literary Society
Stratford '20-'21 President
Tiger Editor

ROBERT SHAFER "Bob"

Engineering

Athletic Association
Stratford Literary Society
Pickwick Society
Junior Play

CLARENCE SEHNERT **"Jasper"**

Engineering

Athletic Association
Stratford Literary Society
Pickwick Literary Society
Commercial Club

MARIE B. STULLKEN **"Skinny"**

Commerce

Athletic Association
Olympian
Junior Play
Pickwick Literary Society
Commercial Club

WIMAR B. SUPPIGER **"Supp"**

Scientific

Athletic Association
Junior Play
Stratford Literary Society
Pickwick Literary Society

ROSA TESAR **"Cookie"**

Commercial

Athletic Association
Marathon
Junior Play
Pickwick Literary Society
Commercial Club

EDMUND WAHL **"Ed"**

Classical

Athletic Association
H. S. Orchestra
Cornet Quartette
Alton High School, 2 years
Quincy High School, ½ year

JAMES WATERS JR. "Count"

Pre-Legal

Athletic Association, President
Junior Play
Stratford Literary Society
Commercial Club
Football, '20
Photo Club, President
Forum Debating Club, President, '18
Business Manager of Tiger

LOUISE WENTZ "Weez"

Teachers

Athletic Association
Marathon
Junior Play
Pickwick Literary Society

ESTHER M. ZIKA "Shorty"

Commercial

Commercial Club
Pickwick Literary Society
Olympian
Athletic Association

FERN I. GUSEWELLE "Curlie"

General

Stratford Literary Society
Pickwick Literary Society
Commercial Club
Olympian

THE SENIOR ALPHABET

With apologies to the Noah's Ark Version.

A is for Alouise whose courage never cowers;
B is for Blixen—"Say it with Flowers;"
C is for Caldwell, a Latin shark bright;
D is for Dustmann who gets there all right;
E is for Estes, an alto so high;
F is for Fields who just barely got by;
G is for Gusewelle—she got there at last;
H is for Howard, the teachers he sassed;
I is for Irene, so sober and shy;
J is for Justice—we got it we're told;
K is for Koogle, an athlete so quick;
L is for Lynch who has tried every trick;
M is for McCune, a typist she'll be;
N is for Nauman, a good boy is he;
O is for Oscar, a farmer no doubt;
P is for Pizzini, she's built rather stout;
Q is for Queer, we're not all that way;
R is for Richardson, rarely misses a day;
S is for Smith, our class' boss;
T is for the place where our life roads cross;
U is for us—best on earth—just about;
V is for Victims, who from school were kicked out;
W is for Wahl, who blows the saxaphone;
X is for excuse—(Boeker writes out his own);
Y is for yesterday—"goody," that's passed;
Z is for Zika—not least although last.

CLASS WILL OF 1922

We, the undersigned, do guarantee this to be the last will and testament of the undersigned class of 1922.

Pardelmeier to Werre—His agricultural tendencies bequeaths.

Willie Bailey leaves his basketball record to Fat Boeker.

Louise Blixen leaves a bunch of forget-me-quicks to Chas. Lee.

Coila Beckman bequeaths her shyness to Ferguson Geers.

Evelyn Bower leaves her flaming hair to Calvin May.

Lloyd Caldwell bequeaths his oratory to Bonnidell Miller.

Grace Cunningham bequeaths her diploma chances to her sister.

Frenchy DeCota leaves her great size to Oliver Spitze.

Bill Delicate bequeaths a brick to the Physics book.

Luc'lle Doeblin leaves her Irish eyes to Siva Worden.

Leo Dustman leaves the school to itself.

Opal Estes bequeaths her soprano voice to Charlie Heuter.

Leo Feldworth leaves a loaf of bread to anyone who is "Starvin."

Ed Fields leaves his gambling genius to Abie Shupack.

Mayor Fruit leaves the girls alone. (for once)

Esther Funke forgets her book in favor of Helen Hall.

Dot Geers relinquishes the Unique Restaurant to her sis.

Frances Grebel leaves a string of broken hearts to her Alma Mater.

Alouise Hotz leaves a moderate laugh to replace Mable Bollman's.

Ewald Henke leaves a bunch of Leclaire boys to walk home.

Bernard Kane leaves his chewing gum under his desk.

Howard Kearney leaves his glaring hair to Jennie Raffaelle.

Irene Knackstedt leaves Bart Hellrung to care for Mil Fruit.

Bullets Koogle forgets a bottle of vaseline in favor of Bus Olive.

Gertrude Long relinquishes her hidden ears to Richard Wiedey

Walter Lueker leaves the Idle Hour to Harvey Schwarz.

Harris Lynch leaves the High School with a blurred memory of unestimable happiness.

Leo Macha leaves six inches of height to Edna Levora.

Anna Mann leaves her bookreading tendency to Bus Olive.

Clara Miller leaves her unequaled bobbed hair to the red haired prep.

Mil McCune bequeaths Orville to Lela Christy.

Edna Nauman leaves Miss Woods a moments rest.

Grace Pizzini leaves E. H. S., the impression of Glen wonder brain.

Sherman Ramey leaves his sister to the care of Otto Unger.

Marie Stullken leaves her enternal giggle to Clarence Rinkel.

Suppiger leaves Leta to Dale Flynn.

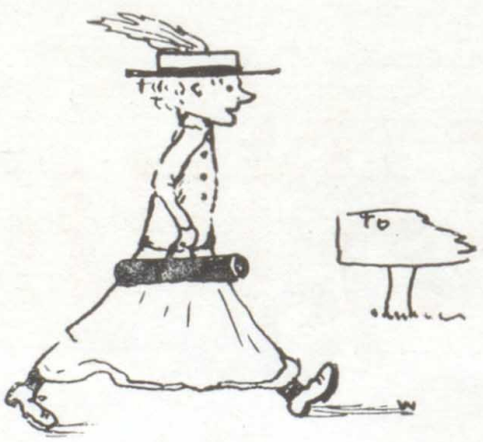
Rosa Tesar leaves her nerve to Clyde Fruit.

Louise Wentz bequeaths her dancing ability to Mil Werre.

Ed Wahl leaves his voice to Dick. (and the ash can)

James Waters leaves his legal knowledge to Hilda Steiren.

Esther Zika leaves her goo-goo eyes to Miss Willet.



-JUNIORS-

JUNIOR OFFICERS

Rodney O. Blake ..... President
Gladys Shaw ..... Vice President
Earl McNielly ..... Secretary and Treasurer

Motto: "La fin couronne l'oeuvre."

Anderson, Worden
Bange, Clarence
Barraclough, Lenore
Becker, Anna
Blake, Rodney
Boeker, Elmer
Bollman, Mabel
Brase, Eleanor
Christy, Lela
Clark, Milton
Daech, Gladys
Deitz, Irma
Diamond, Jack
Ehrle, Charles
Epping, Della
Erspamer, Julia
Garde, Cordelia
Geers, Eleanor
Glass, Leta
Hall, Helen
Hanser, Earl
Heim, Helen
Heinrich, Edna
Henry, Rose
Hellrung, Gertrude
Isaacs, Orville
Johnson, Mary
Kane, Edward
Kay, Harold
Lehne, Virginia
Little, Jessie
McNeilly, Earl
Miller, Curdie
Miller, Kermit
Miller, Jennie
Ortgier, Oliver
Perini, Mary
Ramey, Martha
Rohner, Babetta
Schmollinger, Velma
Schneider, Ralph
Schroeder, Willis
Schwager, Elma
Schwarz, Dorothy
Schwarz, Harvey
Schwarz, Verlee
Shafer, Alma
Shannon, Louis
Shaw, Gladys
Shew, Sarah
Sisk, Blanche
Skalandzunos, Mary
Spitze, Oliver
Stegemeier, Mildred
Stieren, Hilda
Stolte, Abner
Stolte, Wilbur
Taake, Verna
Unger, Otto
Werre, Mildred
Wetzel, Eldon
Widicus, Lucille
Young, Evelyn
Ziegler, Frieda

YE JUNIOR PROF-E-CE

Year—1940

Place—Edwardsville Court House

Speaker—Willis Schroeder

Audience—1940 Tiger Editor

"Yes, I reckoned yesterday as how it was seventeen years since I graduated. It was sure one grand class. Sure and there goes Senator Isaacs, one of my classmates. He's a going in to see Sheriff Rinkle. You see old Bill Oliver beat up that little old man Spitze, you know him as the "Swede." Well Swede haint much of a fighter cause I remember when a Griffin kid beat him up in High School. Well, Swede hired that old Geezer of Al Stolte to sue for damages and Judge Kay 'lowed as how Swede's face wa'nt damaged 'cause sez he, 'how kin ye damage somepin as is already past identification."

"There's a divorce case on to-day "Miller vs. Miller." You see Mrs. Miller is suein' fer her maiden name of Schwartz. She claims as how Curdie beat her up every day of this week. District Judge is agoin' to be here to sit on this case. Did you read as how that thar Shaw gal finally hooked onto that guy Fields after a decade and a half of active courtin'. That gal sure must have endurance. But women is that way. Take my wife why that girl Leta will gab over the back fence with tha that old maid, Jessie Little, till she almost faints."

"Old Lady Epping 'lows as how she's goin' to buy here meat from Unger's shop now since she's got insulted by thet smart alek' Mr. Clark cause he wouldn't take back some cheese that she'd only bo'ten a week ago from him"

"I see by the paper that that George Rinkel is gettin' on a right smart in politics. He's runnin' for Mayor at Fruit this year but there's a suffragette by the name of Schaffer runnin' agin him an they say thet he ain't got no chanst."

"Old Charlie Ehrle lost the Madison Store last week in a Kelly Pool game down at Dimonds Pool Room. They say as how the new manager, Mr. Blake, is goin' to make that gigglin Bollman lady the foreman. I reckon the store wil be the laughin' stock of the town."

"Did you hear as how that fellow Schwartz left a week ago in some sort of contraption for the moon. He took that McNielly woman with him. She got a divorce that her husband was still a drinkin' grape soda. She uster be a Taake."

"Well I reckon as how I'll be goin' ter home. My wife's entertainin' Reverend Suppiger and his sweetie Miss Heinrich at an afternoon tea and she wants me to pour it out. I'll tell you if she keeps goin' to Ortgier's Movie House, I will be poor afore long. Well s'long."

THE "SOPHS"

Ho! Piano, sound a jazz note!
Ho! Seniors, clear the way,
For the Sophs will be, in all their glee
In your honorable place, some day.
Ne'er was a class in High School
That could half compare;
For a class of such ingenuity,
We'll admit, is very rare;
And we must say that even today
We've a steed to excel that of brave Horatius;
For we have within our reach
A pony, to advise us o'er stumbling places.
While flows the Mississippi,
While stands the sacred hill,
The proud class of '24
Shall have such honor still.

MABEL CUNNINGHAM.

SOPHS

Arbuthnot, Clifford
Ballweg, Edward
Bell, Mary Elizabeth
Berner, Fred
Blaze, Zora
Blixen, Harris
Bollman, Mildred
Brady, Justin
Buckley, Donald
Buckley, Dorothy
Casna, Mamie
Cunningham, Mabel
De Cota, John
Delicate, Harriet
Dierkes, Hilda
Doeblin, Wilbur
Duban, Bonnidell
Dude, Harold
Dunlap, Helen
Eberhardt, Verna
Flynn, Dale
Foster, Irma
Fruit, Clyde
Fruit, Mildred
Gehrig, Virginia
Geers, Ferguson
Groves, Ralph
Gussio, Eugene
Harris, Virginia
Heberer, Paul
Henshaw, William
Hofmeier, Donnel
Hueter, Charles
Kearney, Ralph
Keshner, Helen
Kinder, Cleo
Kochanski, Joseph
Kruse, Harold
Kreuzer, Josephine
Lee, Charles
Lankford, Opal
Levora, Edna
Love, Beatrice
Ludwig, Eunice
May, Calvin
Mayer, Elizabeth
Miller, Marion
Moore, Beatrice
Naumann, Robert
Olive, William
Paust, Alma
Pfeiffer, Elmer
Raffaelle, Jennie
Rinkel, George
Sandbach, Bernard
Schaefer, Arnold
Schaefer, Chester
Schmollinger, Horace
Schwartz, Martha
Schwartz, Thelma
Schwartz, Wilma
Selzer, Martha
Shaffer, Hazel
Sheppard, Robert
Sido, Wilbur
Spitze, Gladys
Stokes, Mary
Stutzer, Earl
Stutzer, Fern
Thorne, Allan
Voss, Milton
Wagner, Alma
Wahl, Oliver
Wahl, Marie
Wayne, Robert
Welch, Raymond
Wentz, Gladys
Wieneke, Catherine
Wilson, Dorothy
Wolf, Mildred
Worden, Siva

On September 6, 1921, our honorable class did embark, on the steamer "Knowledge," Bright as the beaming sun and gay as a lark. We set sail, Mr. Ford captain of the crew, and he instructed us what to do. Mr. Sayre was steward of this boat, and our actions and headway he would note. We sailed on well and made the points we should. But those who didn't do the best they could, had to leave the ship at a midpoint port, and back o'er the same waters to depart. But most of us reached our goals, Escaping many rocks and shoals, And waited there from June to September when, we would start our trip again.

When we boarded our ship we were surprised to note, that Mr. Krumsiek was steward of the boat; well we sailed smoothly along without a fuss, a few going overboard which really frightenen us; but we threw out life savers and we've gotten by so far, but we must watch out for even one jar. We know if anything goes wrong, we have a trusty captain and steward, to help us get along. We've hit our mid-point and are sailing fine, and expect to reach our destination—sometime; and as ourclas s is clear of lazy people or dumb blocks, thus we shall steer clear of shoals or rocks.

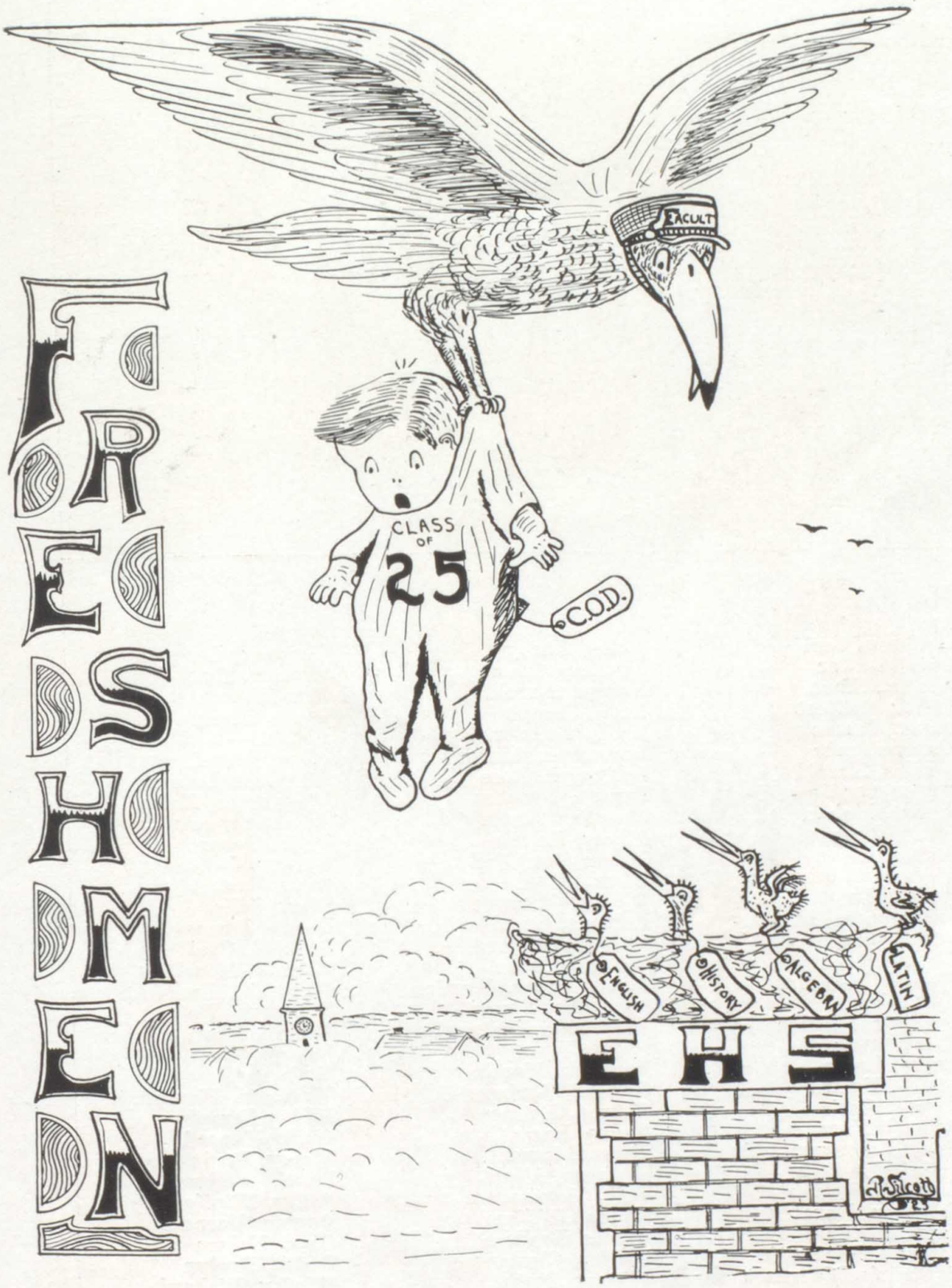
* * *

A CASE OF GRAMMATICAL LOVE

Did you ever dip in grammatical love? If you haven't I will give you a diagram of it in the declarative mood.

You see a beautiful girl walking down the street. If she is singular, you become nominative; you walk across the street changing the verbal subject and then become dative. If she is not objective in this case you may become plural. You walk home together. Her mother is accumulative; her father is imperative. You go and sit down and find her little brother is an indefinable article. You talk of the future; she changes the subject to present time. You kiss her and she favors the masculine. Her father is present and things are tense. It happens that you are past participle after the active case is over.

JACK DIMOND
CAMPFIRE GIRLS CORNER.
PIASA
AUGUST, 1921.
SHIRTS
LITTLE BOY BLUE.
NO — NOT MARRIED
ALUMNUS
ST. MARY OF THE WOODS.
MARTHA RAMEY.


FRESHMEN
FACULTY
CLASS OF 25
C.O.D.
ENGLISH
HISTORY
ALGEBRA
LATIN
EHS

Anderson, Carl
Baird, Lester
Barnett, Alma
Becker, Hilbert
Berner, James
Brase, Renata
Brendle, Harold
Brockmeier, Harold
Bryant, Melvin
Burns, Mary
Busker, Clara
Burroughs, Virginia
Cline, John
Cunningham, Dorothy
Deitz, Alma
Dippold, Ione
Dippold, Millicent
Dorr, Vera
Feodworth, Helen
Fiegenbaum, Elmer
Funke, Leona
Gable, Edward
Gerfen, Carl
Giese, Wilbur
Glass, Lawrence
Grebel, Marcella
Hellrung, Barthol
Hellrung, Hazel
Hess, Rosalia
Homann, Frederick
Hurlbrink, Margaret
Jones, Harry
Kenner, Helen
Kriege, Harold
Ladd, Joseph
Ladd, Theodore
Langreder, Margaret
Longwish, Rose
Lyman, Frances
Mansfield, John
Meyer, Emelia
Miller, Bonnidell
Mysch, Paul
Rinkel, Clarence
Roberts, Gerald
Rueker, Edward
Olive, William
Schmollinger, Bernice
Schoettle, Elmer
Schroeder, Walter
Shaw, Evan
Shupack, Martin
Soehlke, Esther
Stieren, Esther
Stolze, Irma
Thorpe, Irma
Tuxhorn, Albert
Volk, Martha
Volma, William
Voyles, Leslie
Walter, Clemens
Watson, Ruth
Weidner, Leola
Werner, Emil
Zika, Florence
Zrust, Emily

PREPS—

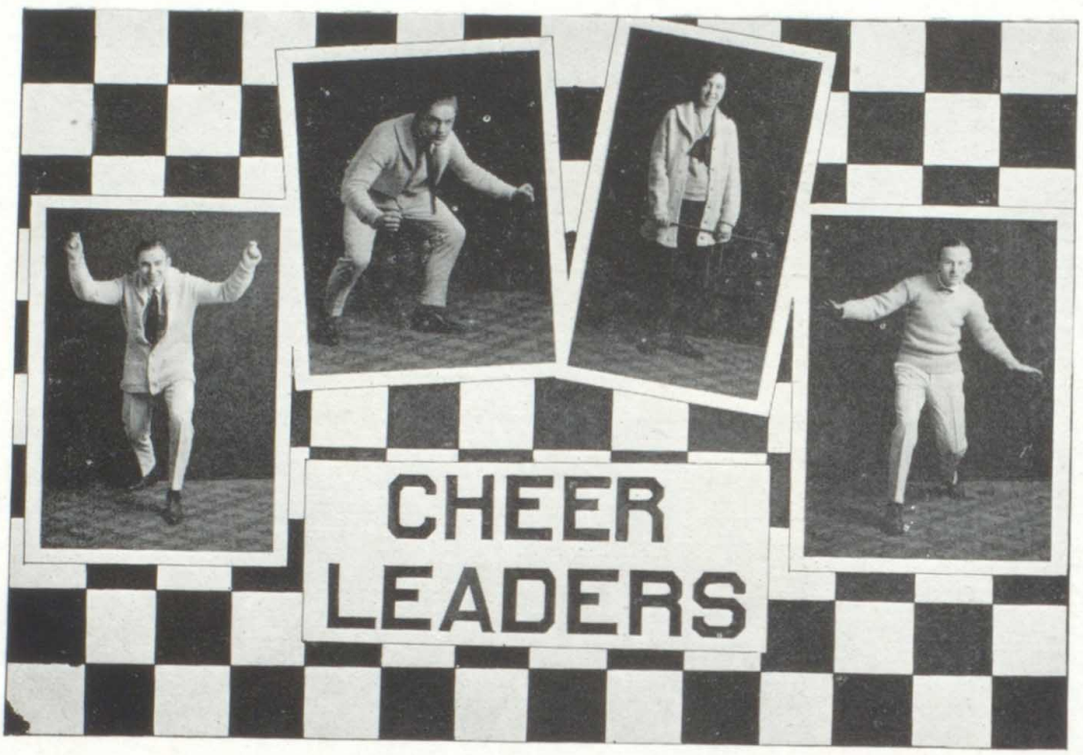
Abee, Alfred
Aubrecht, Dolores
Bernreuter, Helen
Bohm, Francis
Buch, Robert
Burger, Jessie
Cary, Francis
Ebey, Julia
Daech, Leroy
Dippold, Carl
Haynes, Hazel
Heinrich, Virginia
Hellinger, Helen
Klenke, Clara
Kriege, Earl
McCune, Helen
Mammen, Virginia
Miller, Dorothy
Motz ,Manard
Pieper, Paul
Rauch, Arthur
Reilly, Winifred
Rogers, Verna
Senn, Nelson
Smith, Evelyn
Wiedey, Richard

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman Class this year took a surprisingly large part in the school activities. The Olympian and Marathon Camps have quite a number of the lower classmen on their membership lists. The Glee Club owes a part of its success to its Freshmen members.

Then, too, in athletics the Freshmen played a big part. In the scrub basketball tournament they carried off the first honors. In reality it was not a team of scrubs but it was the basketball team of the next three years.

Hats off to the Freshmen!



HERE ARE SOME OF THE E. H. S. YELLS

Ric-a-chica boom! Ric-a-chica boom!
Ric-a-chica, Ric-a-chica
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ree-Raw-Ray! Ree-Raw-Ray!
Here comes Edwardsville!
Get out of the way!

We're wild! We're woolly!
We're made like a saw!
We eat'em like oysters!
Raw! Raw! Raw!

Hit'em high!
Hit-'em low!
Come on Edwardsville,
Let's go!

Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub-!
We got————in a tub,
Wash'em out! Shake'em out!
Hang'em on the line!
We can beat ————
Any old time.

ATHLETICS
Silcott

FOOTBALL

The football season this year was a disappointment to the many enthusiasts under the Orange and the Black. The material was of the best but the ever persistent enemy—flunking—overtook the stars. The coach did his very best but his efforts alone couldn't turn out a football team.

The Litchfield High School brought down a real team and took away the bacon in the first game of the season. The members of the team played hard but were outweighed in every position—with one exception—Boeker. Smith, playing his usual game was the only bright spot on the team. The final score was 16-6.

Collinsville Community High repeated the first chapter of this story. Our alibis were Smith's illness and a few more grades of seventy-four or less. The result of 45-7 shows what kind of a game it was.

The advisory board on Athletics met at the school and decided to discontinue football for the present. The Tiger Staff and the rest of the Senior Class sincerely hope that the Black and Orange will be better represented on the gridiron in the year to come.

W. A. RAWLINGS—THE COACH

Coach Rawlings has just passed his first year in the Edwardsville High School and in that year has shown his ability to make full use of the athletic talent in the school. Do we really appreciate the good points of our coach? Or do we just take them for granted and perhaps, now and then, say a few words of criticism. We must remember, there are coaches and coaches—ours is one of the best. We have a coach who led our fellows through a hard season in basketball and made it a success. We have every reason to be proud of the fighting machine that he produced.

Mr. Rawlings has always been an example and an inspiration to the men on the teams. He has always been cool headed, never excited, and his poise gave assurance to the boys under his direction.

Then he is a good athlete himself. He is a good model of physical strength and can show the boys what is to be done instead of telling them from the sidelines. One always admires this sort of instruction.

Optimistic encouragement does a great deal toward winning the games. Did you ever notice how the men play after they have been out for the intermission between the halves? He instills a feeling of confidence in the individuals that gives vigor to their work.

BASKETBALL

The Basket Ball season of 1921-'22 started out in the best possible style. The boys won six straight victories over some of the strong teams of the vicinity and were planning out a victory over Collinsville. The visitors appeared with a large crowd of rooters and lots of confidence. Right there the E. H. S. quintette lost its first game of the season and broke up the string of victories. Smith, the star guard, was forced off the team at this stage of the game on account of physical disabilities.

The loss to Collinsville served to stir up the fighting spirit of the boys in Black and Orange and they whipped Alton in the Alton gymnasium by the score of 22-21. In that game Miller and Stolte made the Altonites sit up and take notice. During the Christmas holidays the team had a nice long rest but yet they didn't lose any of the fighting form for they came back and walked away with Hillsboro 21-10. Belleville—our rivals and also our friends—put the second black spot on the E. H. S. banner when they defeated the team 28-15. The team was criticized in this match for too much individual starring and not enough co-operation.

Next came the hardest defeat of the season. It was from Granite City, 23-16. The boys rallied well after their defeat and took the following match from Jerseyville by a one-sided score. The Jerseyville team is coached by Mr. M. G. Norris who was our coach two years ago. Before the second game with Granite City, Miller became ineligible and was unable to participate. Granite City repeated their victory on the Granite City floor. Koogle, Stolte and May gave a good exhibition of basket ball in that game. Macha lost his place on the team when the new semester commenced because he had been in high school for eight semesters.

Nauman started the season as a second string man but soon won a place on the first team by his rapidly advancing skill. At the time of the tournament, he was one of the best men. Belleville again defeated the home squad on the local floor by a close score of 12-11. Two more defeats ended the season. Alton took the local lads to a trimming by the score of 21-20. In the last game of the season Collinsville showed what they could do on their home floor. They ran away with Edwardsville 34-7. Don't think that E. H. S. is discouraged about the last three games—just look at the summary of the season.

SUMMARY OF THE BASKETBALL SEASON

		E. H. S.	
Wood River	13	15	Here
Carlyle	11	24	Here
O'Fallon	14	27	Here
Jerseyville	12	24	There
Hillsboro	10	23	There
Camp Point	12	29	Here
Collinsville	23	8	Here
Alton	21	22	There
Hillsboro	10	21	Here
Belleville	28	15	There
Granite City	23	16	Here
Jerseyville	16	19	Here
Staunton	23	25	Here
Granite City	41	30	There
Belleville	12	11	Here
Alton	21	20	Here
Collinsville	34	7	There

Games won, 10. Games lost, 7.
Won on the home floor, 7.
Lost on the home floor, 4.
Won on other floors, 3.
Lost on other floors, 3.
Total points scored by Edwardville, 336.
Total points scored by opponents, 334.

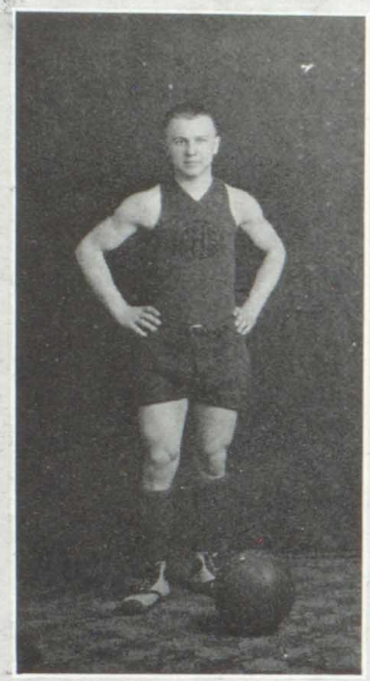
INTER-CLASS TOURNAMENT

The Seniors lived up to their past records and easily took first place in the inter-class basketball tourney. In the first game they won from the Sophomores. The Juniors triumphed over the Freshies on the same night.

The next evening brought the Seniors and Juniors together in the clash for first and second place. The Seniors won first. Coach Rawlings refereed in all of the games.

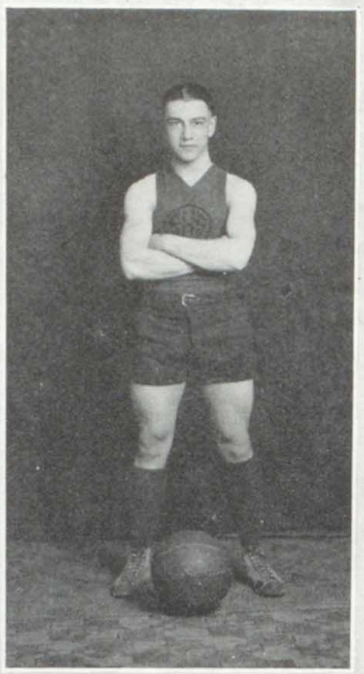
Seniors 21
Juniors 25
Seniors 41

Sophomores 14
Freshmen 10
Juniors 17

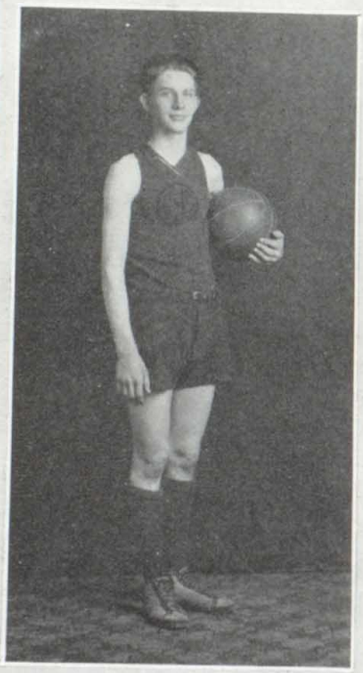


-MACHA-

EHS



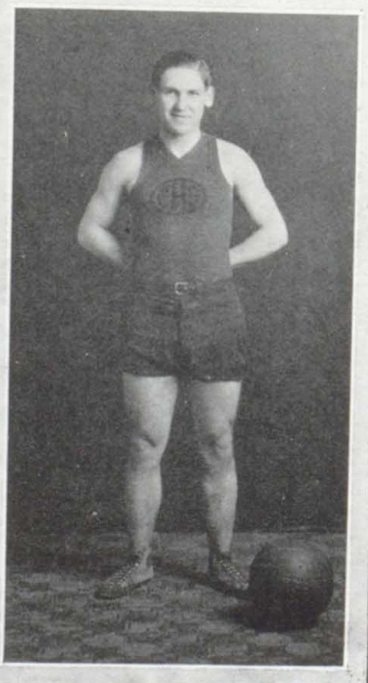
-KOOGLE-



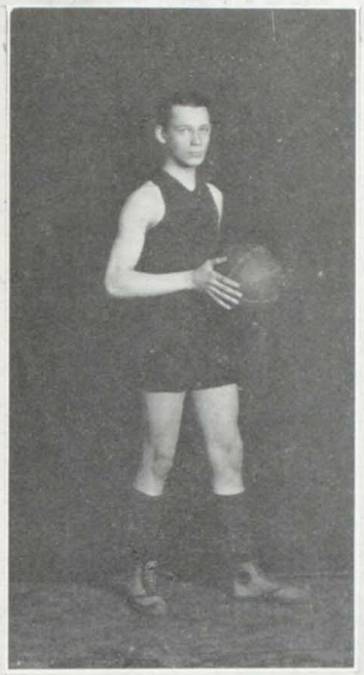
-NAUMAN-

-CALDWELL-

-MILLER-



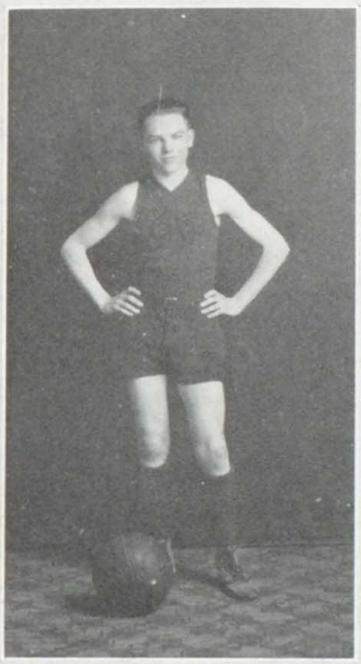
1922



-LYNCH-

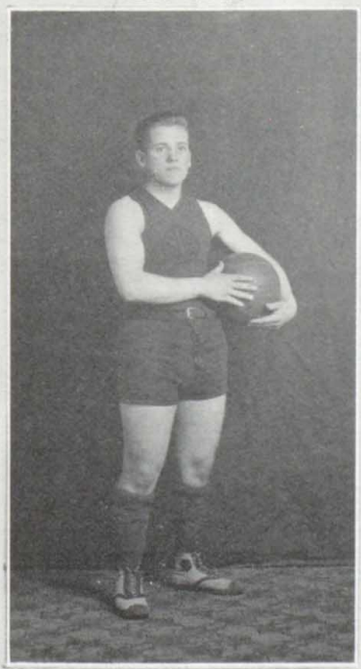
EHS

-STOLTE-



-KANE-

-ISAACS-



-MAY-

1922

Norvall Koogle, forward, is a good floor man and is always in the game. He is the only man who has played every half this year.

Lloyd Caldwell—another forward- is always a good shot and a hard worker on the team.

Hilbert Nauman, although he is also a fine center, is very good on defence.

Harris Lynch, the guard, is good on the long shots and is a steady worker.

Leo Macha is another guard for the "Black and Orange." He is good at breaking up dribbles and never is found loafing on the job.

Orville Isaacs, guard, is excellent on defense and a good dribbler. He has plenty of fight and contributed greatly to the success of the team both on defense and offense. He received honorable mention at the district tournament although he played in one game only.

Kermit Miller, forward, is a good shot, a good dribbler and is exceedingly fast on the floor. Considering the length of time that he played, he scored the largest number of points.

Wilbur Stolte, either a forward or a center, is an excellent shot. He is light but fast. Wilbur is the highest point man for the season.

Calvin May, guard, is very good on defense work. He recovers the ball very well from the backboard.

Edward Kane, the forward, is light but he is a true shot and is rather fast.

THE DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

Edwardsville lost out in the first game in which it participated in the district tournament in the Shurtleff gymnasium in Upper Alton. Granite City led us into camp by the score of 26-20. Edwardsville may be given the first three-quarters, for the local team kept ahead until the last ten minutes. Both teams played a good, clean and hard-fought game.

Collinsville, our neighbor to the south, did quite a little better than we did. They repeated their victory of last year and carried off first honors. In the first match they defeated Jerseyville in a slow game. The next game brought out the real form of the Collinsville players. They eliminated the Wood River "dark horse" team in a fast game with a one-sided result. The score of that game was 27-11. Their hardest game was with Belleville but the latter team was not able to put up a very strong resistance on account of the fatiguing games that they had had on the preceding day. Two of the Belleville players were under the care of a doctor when the whistle blew for the game to commence. Collinsville won the final game over Mascoutah, the winner of Class B, by the score of 34-9. They played hard and fast the first quarter and took it easy for the remaining three.

Little interest was manifested in the Class B games. Mascoutah won first place over Madison. Brighton, the little school that made such a good showing last year, failed to make an impression when they they met the swift team from Madison.

The drawings this year were very similar to those of last year. Collinsville, the district champion, got another comparatively easy place on the card. Belleville got a bad break and had to contend with the fast quintet from the Roosevelt High of Alton. Belleville succeeded in downing that team and then had to meet the Granite City team. They won in the fastest game of the meet over the latter team. Two thousand people watched the game with enthusiastic interest. When the match with Collinsville came the Belleville boys were not able to put up the scrap that they had showed in the foregoing contests.

CLASS A

Edwardsville.. 20
Granite City ..26

Granite City ..19
Belleville 20

Alton 18
Belleville 23

Belleville 13
Collinsville 23

Jerseyville 11
Collinsville 21

Collinsville 27
Wood River 11

East St. Louis 10
Wood River 11

CLASS B

Collinsville 34
Mascoutah 9

Modesto 10
Palmyra 12

Palmyra 13
Mascoutah 45

O'Fallon 15
Mascoutah 25

Mascoutah 24
Madison 9

Brighton 24
Troy 11

Brighton 12
Madison 20

Madison 14
Chesterfield 12

THE SCRUB TOURNAMENT

The Scrub Tournament, a new feature in High School basketball, proved to be an attractive event. Coach Rawlings made the ruling that anyone who had ever been in a first team basketball game in the Edwardsville High School was ineligible for the tournament.

The drawings made by the coach pitted the Seniors against the weak Freshman team for the first game. The Sophomores were to tackle the Juniors in the next episode.

Tuesday afternoon, March 14, brought the Seniors and Freshmen together. The Seniors had some bad luck for they were defeated in the last few minutes of play by the close score of 39-4. (They were also defeated in the first few minutes of play). Smith, the Senior coach, sums up the defeat as follows: Richardson was ill, Warren Fruit's celluloid collar was too tight and Leo Feldworth was not playing quite up to form. The Freshmen led by their captain, Bryant, deserve some credit for they played a spectacular game. Some of the fans remarked that the floor was too high for the speedy upper classmen and a great many shots would have been perfect but they hit the ceiling.

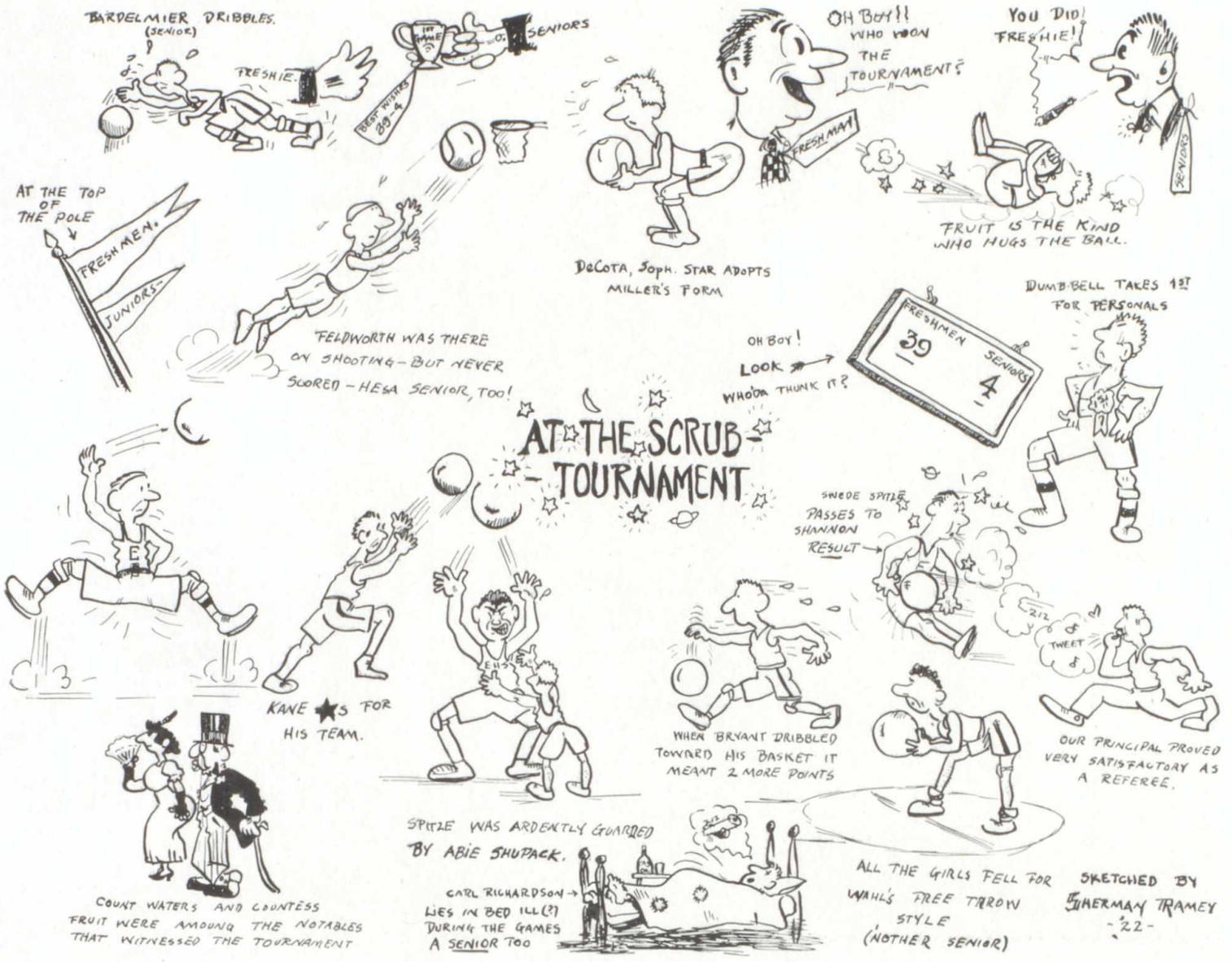
In the second game the Juniors were far outclassed and didn't have a suggestion of a chance. They were defeated by the lop-sided score of 17-12. If fouls would have counted as points, the third-year students might have won for Duke Blake alone scored seven personal fouls. Yes, the Juniors would have won, hands down.

The two lucky teams came together in the third game. The Freshmen completely outclassed the Sophomores in the first half. In the second stanza the Sophs woke up and scored ten points before the Froshes could find out where they were. Some of the Sophomores say that their defeat may be attributed to a certain Senior boy who came into the gym dressed in green. The Freshies like this color and it was a great boost for their morale. They won, 22-12.

Here is the all-awkward team picked by the authorities:

Blake	Forward
Bardelmeier	Forward
Spitze	Center
Feldworth	Guard
Shannon	Guard

Honorable mention: Wahl and Fruit.


BARDELMIER DRIBBLES.
(SENIOR)
FRESHIE.
1ST TIME
SENIORS
BEST WISHES
39-4
OH BOY!!
WHO WON
THE
TOURNAMENT?
FRESHMAN
YOU DID
FRESHIE!
SENIORS
FRUIT IS THE KIND
WHO HUGS THE BALL.
AT THE TOP
OF
THE POLE
FRESHMEN.
JUNIORS.
FELDWORTH WAS THERE
ON SHOOTING - BUT NEVER
SCORED - HE'S A SENIOR, TOO!
DeCOTA, SOPH. STAR ADOPTS
MILLER'S FORM
AT THE SCRUB
TOURNAMENT
OH BOY!
LOOK
WHO'DA THUNK IT?
FRESHMEN 39
SENIORS 4
DUMB-BELL TAKES 1ST
FOR PERSONALS
SWEDE SPITZE
PASSES TO
SHANNON
RESULT
KANE ★S FOR
HIS TEAM.
WHEN BRYANT DRIBBLED
TOWARD HIS BASKET IT
MEANT 2 MORE POINTS
TWEET
OUR PRINCIPAL PROVED
VERY SATISFACTORY AS
A REFEREE.
COUNT WATERS AND COUNTESS
FRUIT WERE AMONG THE NOTABLES
THAT WITNESSED THE TOURNAMENT
SPITZE WAS ARDENTLY GUARDED
BY ABIE SHUPACK.
CARL RICHARDSON →
LIES IN BED ILL(?)
DURING THE GAMES
A SENIOR TOO
ALL THE GIRLS FELL FOR
WAHL'S FREE THROW
STYLE
(ANOTHER SENIOR)
SKETCHED BY
SHERMAN TRAMEY
-'22-

TRACK

At the time that The Tiger goes to press the interest in Track is just beginning to develop. Coach Rawlings is a good track man and he already has a number of boys interested. The High School wishes the best of success to its track team.

MARY
MLLE. McCLURE
THE 1922 CLASS BACK IN THE SECOND GRADE.
CHEESE FRUIT'S LATEST PORTRAIT.
IRMA!
Boy or Girl?
DODO
Looks
BEA. MOORE

ORGANIZATIONS

THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club this year under the direction if Miss Clementine Regan was one of the thriving organization of the High School. The club is exclusively a girls organization and has a membership of about twenty-five. On several occasions the society has delightfully entertained the High School and has also appeared before the public frequently. Let us look forward to as good an organization of its kind for the following year.

NO COMMERCIAL CLUB

Two of last years organizations disappeared at the end of the year and were not reorganized. There are the Commercial Club and the Pickwick Literary Society. Both of those clubs were very important in the school life of the year 1921

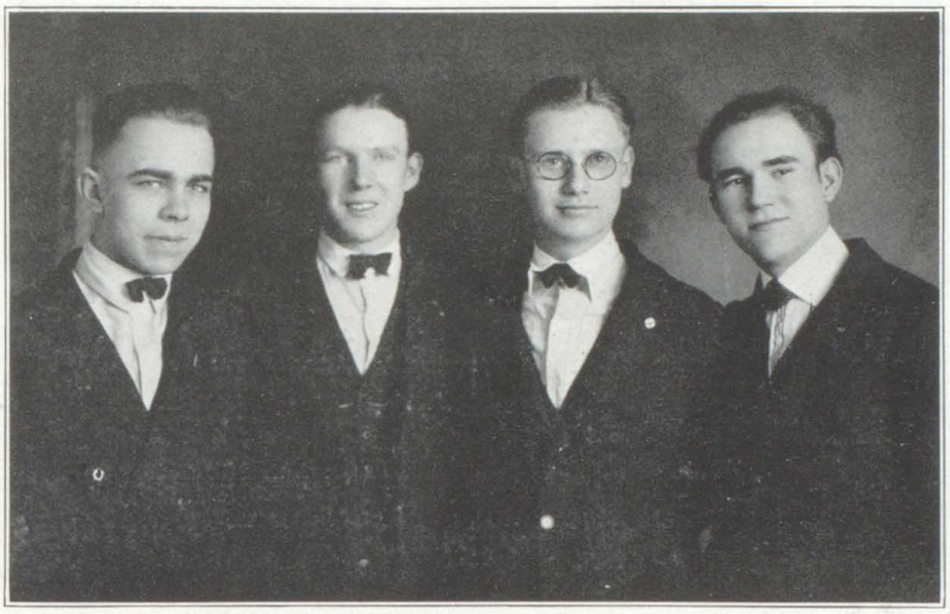
The Stratford Literary Society was reorganized at the first of the year and Rodney Blake was elected president. However little interest was shown by the former members of the club and the society was disbanded. It was organized in the year 1918 in Miss Marie Hiles' Freshman English class and carried out an active program for five years.

MARATHON CAMP

Helen Hall, Captain
Miss Slayback, Guardian

OLYMPIAN CAMP

Evelyn Bower, Captain
Miss Dee, Guardian



SENIOR BOYS' QUARTETTE

In the vocal line this year the Seniors have shown exceptional talent. They produced the Senior Boys' Quartette, consisting of Edwin Fields, first tenor; Lloyd Caldwell, second tenor; Howard Kearney, baritone, and Edmund Wahl, bass. "Ed" has a high clear voice and Lloyd a very strong voice. Howard has a remarkable range and Edmund has a good, deep, strong voice. These four boys have pleasing personalities which are reflected in their singing. It is reported that they have several opportunities to go on the stage, but they prefer to remain in E. H. S. The quartette made its best appearance at The Tiger benefit show, "19 and Phyllis.'

I'm noted for my kindly heart,
I would not hurt a fly,
I wouldn't kill a little flea,
I couldn't see him die.

If I should crush a creeping worm,
'Twould make me sad and blue,
But I with joy could slay the guy
Whose gum gets on my shoe.

CORNET QUARTETTE

A new organization that made its appearance this year is the Cornet Quartette. It was organized by four boys at the beginning of the year. They are Joseph Ladd, Howard Kearney, Edmund Wahl and Lawrence Glass. During the year they have appeared at a meeting in Worden and one at the Methodist Church in this city.

* * *

E. H. S. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Athletic Association is the organization that handles the athletic treasury of the school and backs the local teams in all of their enterprises and contests.

This year the organization was a decided success. A substantial sum is left in the bank for the organization to begin the season next year. This is partly due to the support that the citizens of Edwardsville and the students of the school gave to the teams and partly to the efficient management of the finances by the association officers.

The membership of the body consists of almost everyone in the school.

The following are the officers:

President ..... James T. Waters
Sec'y and Treas. ..... Walter Lueker
Coach ..... Wyatt A. Rawlings
Boys' Cheer Leader ..... Irving Smith
Girls' Cheer Leader ..... Miss Rose Henry

E. H. S. ORCHESTRA

Since the organization of the E. H. S. Orchestra this year, it has made rapid progress. Its growth has really been remarkable. It consists of fifteen members of which number thirteen are students of the High School and two are students of the grade school and will enter the High School in two years. The instruments used include string, wind, brass and drums. The members have worked hard to acquire a high degree of perfection. Much credit is due to Miss Regan for her untiring efforts toward making the orchestra a success.

BEFORE

There are meters of accent
And meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

AFTER

There are letters of accent
And letters of tone,
But the best of all letters
Is to let her alone.

EHS 1922

WALTER H. LUEKER

ALOUISE HOTZ

HARRIS V. LYNCH

EHS 1922

THE STAFF

CARL B. RICHARDSON
EDITOR

JAMES E. WATERS
BUSINESS MGR.

LEO FELDWORTH

GRACE CUNNINGHAM

NORVALL G. KOOGLE

EHS 1922

EHS 1922

PUBLICATION

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Harris V. Lynch....Associate Editor
Jas. E. Waters, Jr...Business Manager
Norvall G. Koogle.Associate Bus. Mgr.
Walter Lueker.....Athletic Editor
Alouise Hotz. .....Society Editor
Leo Feldworth..Advertising Manager
Grace Cunningham...Circulation Mgr.

EDITORIAL

Business letters are necessary, friendly letters are welcome and love letters are delightful; but for real joy send us a letter of credit.

The Tiger staff alone cannot publish an annual. We are greatly indebted to those who helped us in every line of our work. Especially we may have reason to thank the business men and firms of Edwardsville and other places who have so liberally contributed with advertising. Advertising is an essential part of a High School year-book; without the ads the subscription price would be prohibitive.

Mr. Strebler, the class photographer, has played no small part in helping us with our task. In all of his work he has been most obliging

and kind. His work cannot be appreciated too much. The printing company and the engraving company both handled their work in a most business-like and punctual manner.

Then there are the artists of the High School who have done the designing and drawing work. Among these are Miss Virginia Burroughs, Dustin Griffin, Sherman Ramey and Ralph Silcott. The writers of the High School have also more than done their part this year. They are too numerous to mention. Within the walls of the school are many others who have helped—those who helped in the ticket sale for the benefit and the ones who helped in the subscription drive and sale of the books themselves. The Tiger Staff takes a great joy in thanking every one of those who have helped us "put out the annual."

If you Willet, Miss Beck, we will be finished Eaton before we bring our Slayback through the McClure Woods with Miss Davis as our Porter.

"EXAMINATIONS" is usually just about the worst word in the dictionary for our high school students. They nurse a feeling for it that feeling "varies inversely with the rank of the student" as Boyle or Charles resembles the attitude that a cat has for its canine second cousins. This would have said. The Senior has seen more exams than the Freshman—he has passed more of them—flunked more—too.

Now after all, when the examinations are over, the students says to himself, "Now wasn't that easy?" Bear this in mind, fellow students, that the teachers are human white people just like the rest of us and hate the exams just as bad if not worse than we do.

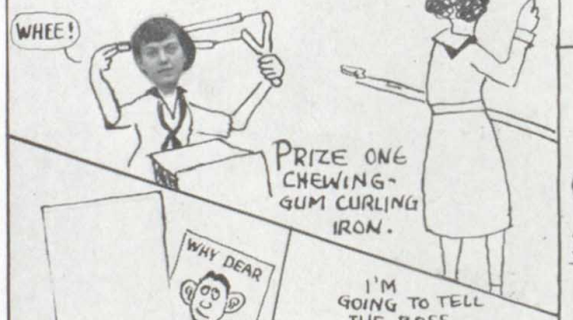
PROPAGANDA seems to be one of the essentials of salesmanship nowadays. Surely all of the boys have heard the saying that it is unlucky to get three lights off of the same match. We have obtained the information first handed that this little saying was originated and published by a noted match company in the east. Yet matches sell at one-sixtieth of a cent each.

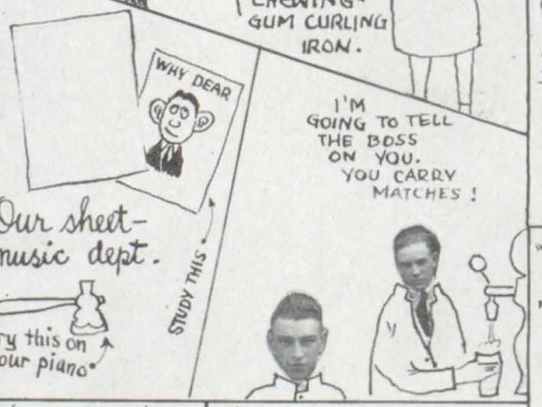
The school is the foundation of the nation. If the American school fails America will fail. Education is the mother of civilization. Where there has been no education, there has been no civilization. Civilization has come down through the ages in a chariot built by the forces of education.

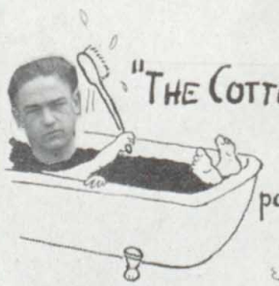
A college education never hurts a boy if he has enough sense to go to work after it is over.

THE EHS FUNNY PAPER

The prize for paper-wad shooting this year goes to Irene Knackstedt, this young lady having hurled exactly 1,922 misty, moisty missiles thru the air during the semester.







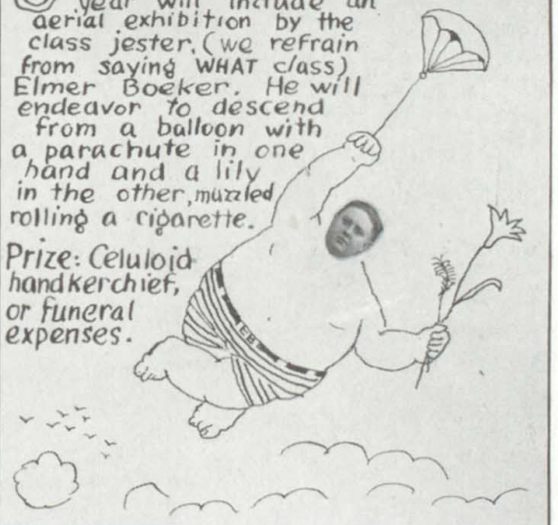
"THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

posed by I. Smith

C.B.R.

Our school picnic this year will include an aerial exhibition by the class jester, (we refrain from saying WHAT class) Elmer Boeker. He will endeavor to descend from a balloon with a parachute in one hand and a lily in the other, muzzled rolling a cigarette.

Prize: Celuloid handkerchief, or funeral expenses.



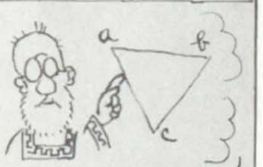
Yes, Dot, we have to admit this is a free country, but—

The beautiful lavalier below shown will be awarded as a prize for the best thousand-word description of the above painting "The School-Room at Midnight." Contest closes Feb. 30, 1982 so everyone will have an opportunity to compete.

"What are the wild waves saying,
Sister dear, to me?"
"Stay with the school, sweet Dumb-bell,
And a senior you will be."

SPIRITVALIST CORNER

Lucile Doeblin has been calling Pythagorus to her assistance in geometry



THE HISTORY OF THE TIGER

The publication of The Tiger began in 1911 when it was a typewritten edition read each month before the school. In the same year it was promoted into the form of a printed pamphlet of several pages and sold monthly for a few cents a copy. Miss Nellie Bartels was the first editor. She afterward graduated from the Illinois University and taught in the Edwardsville High School last year and the year before. She is now teaching in the Decatur High School, Decatur, Illinois.

The first annual edition of The Tiger made its appearance in the year 1914 when it was edited by Harold Boeschenstein. This number, though the first of its kind, is considered by many to be the best ever issued. Mr. Boeschenstein followed the vocation of journalism and after graduating from the University of Illinois accepted a position with one of the Alton papers. Thomas Eaton was the editor of the second edition of the annual Tiger. In the two following years, 1916 and 1917, William C. Wayne and Henry Delicate were chosen as managing editors. The Class of 1918 entrusted the position of editor to a girl, the first instance of its kind in the history of the annual. She was Miss Aley Whitson. The editors of the last three years, C. Edwin Stokes, Victor Boeker and Miss Ethel Wentz are all three studying at the present in the universities. Each year has added some new feature to the publication making it bigger and better.

"What is the purpose of a High School annual?" someone asks and it is a reasonable question, too.

In a few lines we will endeavor to show you some of its purposes. The co-operation and harmony with which the classes, organizations and individuals work tends to create a better and more fraternal feeling in the school itself: the volume shows to the outsider what the school is doing and what the different departments mean to the school. If it does not, it is not fulfilling its mission.

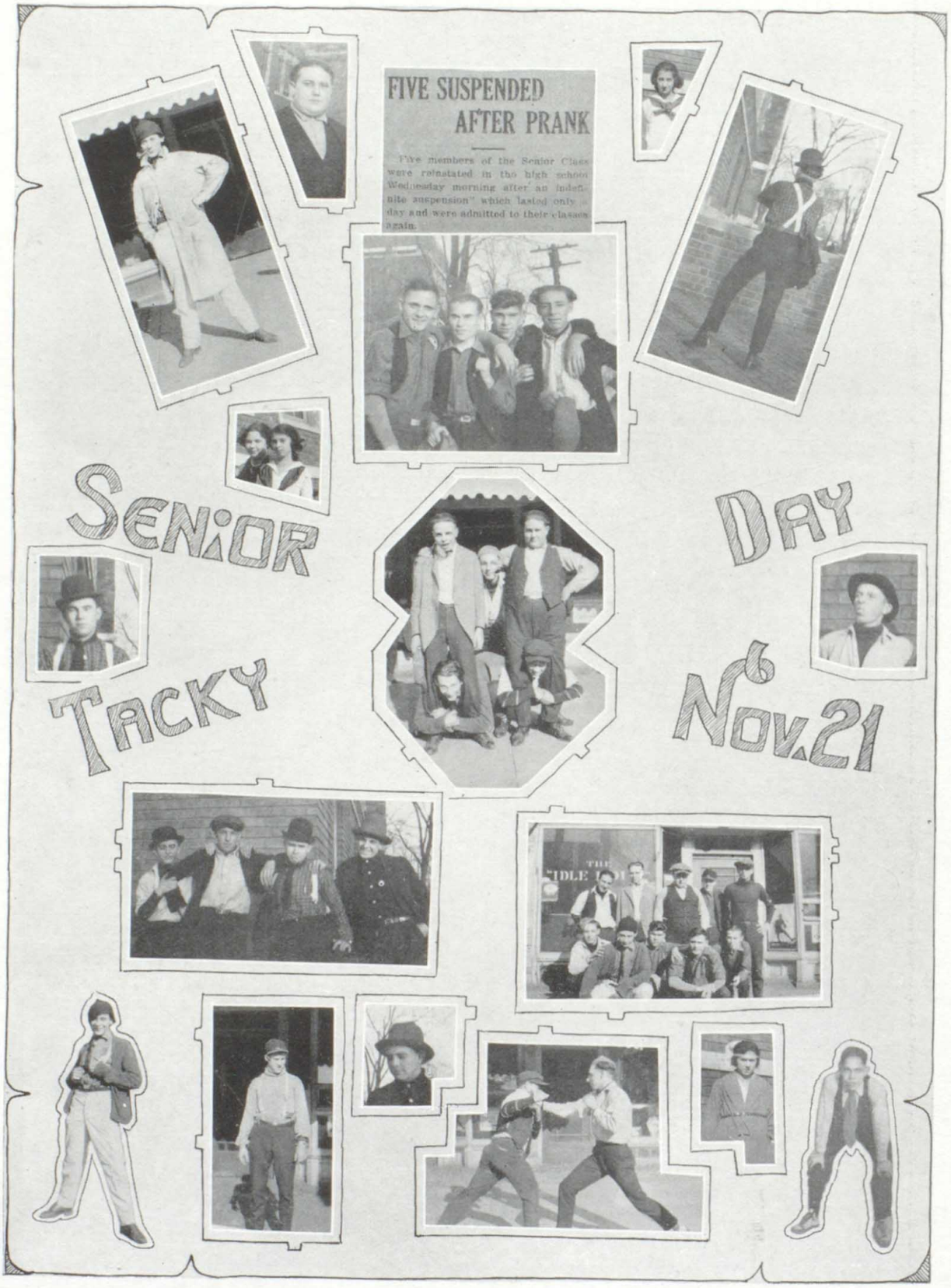
Probably the most important purpose is to commemorate the school year in the minds of the student body. In years to come you will find that an annual review on a cold wintry evening will recall many of those happy days gone by. You will be a student in High School again. The worry, care and responsibilities of life will for the time being leave you and you can hear the happy laughter of your school companions. The High School days are the happiest time of your life. To glance back into this annual in your later life will be a short vacation to the scenes and haunts of your school days.

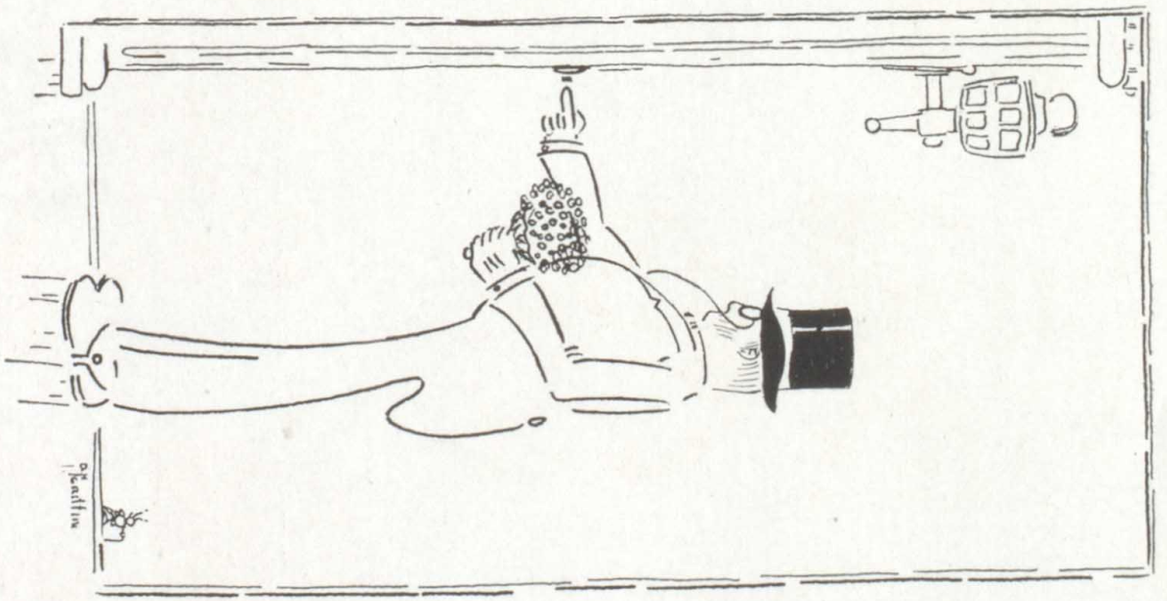
* * *

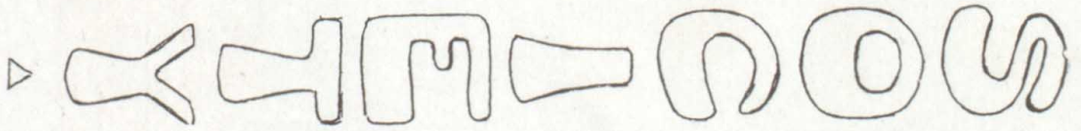
A NEW SCHOOL

On March 5 a special election was held in Edwardsville to authorize the Board of Education to buy a tract of land upon which to build a new High School. The people voted to buy the tract of land on West Street known as the Hadley site. A few days later this tract was purchased by the Board according to the instructions of the voters.

In time the tract will be one of the most beautiful lots and in one of the best locations in the city. The site is spacious enough to accommodate a large school building and a large athletic field adjoining it. Some of the students in the High School now will probably graduate from the new High School building.


FIVE SUSPENDED AFTER PRANK
Five members of the Senior Class were reinstated in the high school Wednesday morning after an indefinite suspension" which lasted only a day and were admitted to their classes again.
SENIOR
DAY
TACKY
NOV. 21





MASQUERADE PARTY

You knew us, or at least you thought you did until you saw us at the Masquerade Party on October 28. Had you been there or peeped in the windows you would have imagined the whole world had sent its representatives for an international world rally. It seemed that every one wanted to out-do the other in bright colors. A gypsy band, arrayed in the many colors of its tribe, clowns in flowered suits and hallowe'en characters completed one of the most spectacular scenes that the High School has ever witnessed. Who would have supposed that Miss Woods and Miss Weber would be seen tripping around as dainty milkmaids? Is it not far beyond our scope of imagination to see Miss Willett in a long red wrapper and sunbonnet? But you should have seen the prize winners. Virginia Lehne and Mabel Bollman won first prize as Pierette and Pierot. You really could not have found a better looking couple if you had searched all the theaters of New York. Calvin May as a cruel, bull fighting Spaniard, was awarded first prize for the boys. The second prizes were given to Mary Skalandzunos as a Hawaiian maiden and to "Mary and Sary," two happy school girls, alias Justin Brady and Melvin Bryant. After the unmasking the eats were served and the rest of the evening was spent in dancing and games.

MARATHON AND OLYMPIAN BANQUETS

The two girls' camps opened the season rather late this year with banquets given in the High School Gym. The Marathon Camp, the larger of the two gave their party Tuesday, November 27, under the direction of Helen Hall, the captain, and Miss Slayback, which proved to be one of the most successful parties ever given by them. The Olympians did not hold their banquet until after the Christmas holidays, when it was possibly enjoyed more than if it had been given earlier in the year. Evelyn Bower, the captain, and Miss Dee supervised the work, making it successful and giving everyone a good time.

The teams have not been as active as heretofore, although the "camp spirit" has been as evident as in any previous year.

UNIQUE HIGH SCHOOL RECEPTION

Invitations were issued to the parents of every High School student to a meeting at the High School, on February 21. The purpose of this meeting was that the parents might get some idea of our school life and to become acquainted with the faculty.

A program was rendered, featuring some of our High School talent, and a talk by Mr. Krumsiek. Several readings were given by Mr. Johnson, of Lebanon College, who visited our school on that occasion. Numerous school songs and yells were also given.

After the program, the parents were given an opportunity to visit the teachers in their respective class rooms. The Senior girls, acting as a reception committee, conducted those not well acquainted with our school to the various class rooms, and introduced them to our teachers.

Another feature of the evening was the exercises in the gymnasium by the Physical Culture Classes, under the direction of Miss Dee. Dancing followed this, and it stated on the programs that the parents should not allow the students to monopolize the floor.

As the guests departed they were requested to stop near the Cooking room door, where coffee and doughnuts were served to them by the teachers.

This was the first time that such a meeting was ever held in our High School, but it is hoped that it might become an annual affair.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION PLAYS

The Coffer-Miller players of Chicago were in Edwardsville on December 12 and gave two plays in the High School auditorium for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

"The Rivals" was given in the afternoon and "The Imaginary Invalid" was given at night. Both of the plays were comedies and each drew a good crowd.

A neat little sum was realized for the athletic body which made the financial state look a lot nicer.

"19 AND PHYLLIS" FOR TIGER BENEFIT

All three floors of the Wildey Theatre were crowded to capacity on Wendesday night, March 28, for The Tiger Benefit show.

In addition to the regular picture, Charles Ray in "19 and Phyllis," the High School offered five acts of vaudeville. Both features were well received and appreciate by the audience. The program included a variety of talent. Edwin Fields, as Professor Yewsta B. Coocoo, made quite a hit with Caldwell, Wahl, Kearney and Burns as his sidelights in a wonder-exciting hypnotic act. Miss Lucille Widicus gave a very entertaining musical reading. The Senior Quartette was in its full bloom. Miss Opal Estes and Miss Mildred Werre sang solos with Miss Gladys Shaw as accompanist. A mixed quartette composed of Lloyd Caldwell, Edmund Wahl, Miss Edna Levora and Miss Beatrice Love.

The financial side of the benefit turned out just as well. A little less than a hundred dollars was cleared for the annual. James T. Waters, the Tiger manager, took care of the ticket sale and advertising and made the most of the opportunity to make it a success.

MOCK TRIAL

PEOPLE vs. GRIFFIN, assault with intent to kill.

Dustin Griffin was found guilty of assault with intent to kill in the fall session of the E. H. S., Kangaroo Court. The prosecuting witness was one Oliver Spitze and the attorneys for the state were Lloyd Caldwell and Harris Lynch. The counsel for the defense was James Waters and Elmer Boeker. The case was tried before Miss Irma Willett, the presiding judge. Tmong the important witnesses brought on by the bailiff, Scotty Leuker, were Al Geers, Mabel Cunningham, Irving Smith, Leo Feldworth, Harriet Delicate, Dodo Nauman and Edmund Wahl. Nauman posed as a doctor who had graduated from a correspondence school. His right to testify in the court was challenged by Attorney Waters. For the first time in the history of the State of Illinois, women were allowed to serve on the jury. Waters made a stirring appeal to the jury that brought everyone in the room to tears. However the hard-hearted jurymen passed "count" up like a lead nickel and returned a verdict of "Guilty." The lawyer for the defendant filed a motion for a new trial on the grounds that Nauman could not present his credentials as a doctor.

NO DISARMAMENT HERE

Lloyd Caldwell and Hilbert Nauman won for the negative side in a heated debate on disarmament during the first semester. James Waters and Harris Lynch represented the affirmative. Carl Richardson was the chairman. One of the outstanding points of the afternoon's discourse was the vivid description of the battlefield by Waters. Caldwell made a name for himself as the "millionaire orator." The debate was the only one of its kind given before the assembly the year.

THE WHO'S WHO IN E. H. S.

School Grafter—P-fat Boeker.
Handsomest—Robert Sheppard.
School Clown—Edna Nauman.
The Little Fellow—Louis Shannon, R. F. D.
Politician—Ewald Henke.
Old Blowhard—Buster Olive.
Athlete—Bartholomew M. A. S. Hellrung.
Worst Nuisance—Fred Berner.
Man Hater—Mildred Werre or Ione Dippold (tie).
Woman Hater—Rodney Dumbell Blake.
School Dude—Jack Dimond.
All-around-good-fellow—Orville Isaacs.
School Boss—Irene Knachstedt.
School Infant—Oliver Spitze.
Largest Feet—Tubby May.
Biggest Heart—Miss Edna Woods.
Best Tennis Player—Dodo Nauman.
Most Ignorant—Harvey Schwarz.
Biggest Eater—Lloyd Caldwell.
School Doll—Siva Worden.
Most Bashful—Joe Kochariski.
Sweetest Voice—Cheese Fruit.
Most Graceful Boy—Johnny Kline.
Silent One—Bonnie Duban.
Angel Eyes—Bonnie Miller.
Most Affectionate—Bill Delicate.
Cutest—Harry Jones.
Wittiest—Monk Lynch.
Clumsiest—Cleopatra Kinder.
The Human Typewriter—Charlie Ehrle.
Biggest Prep—Curdie Miller.
Littlest Prep—Winifred Rielly.
Blue Ribbon French Student—Eddie Fields.
Pretty Boy—Otto Unger.
Miss Gewe's Pet—Louise Wentz.
Miss Wood's Pet—Bill Henshaw.
Martha Schwarz's Pet—Leo Macha.
Prize Loafer—Oscar Bardelmeier.
Most Fastidious—Marcella Grebel.

THE LITTLE GOD

By Miss Evelyn Bower.

The little god was safely locked away at the time my story opens. It belonged to Cyril Benson, a noted curio-collector of New York. The idol had been sold to him when, as a middle-aged man, he had journeyed through India, twenty-five years ago.

Now he was what most people would speak of as old. As he sat before his fire on this day in early spring, his white hair pointed to the fact that he was no longer young. It was very thin and stood on end as though rumpled by the nervous passing of a careless hand through it. However, let us examine his face, which completely belied his age. His face was almost bronze in color, pointing to an interest in outdoor life. Under his shaggy brows twinkled merry blue eyes which promised that he would make a very interesting companion to young or old. Now, however, they held a shade of sadness as he gazed into the open fire.

There had been a time years ago, when this haunting sadness had never been seen in his eyes. That was before the death of his beautiful wife, eighteen years before. Strong evidence of his faithfulness was given in the facts that his boy had never known a stepmother, and that he had never been quite as jolly since. Except for the rumpled hair his appearance was neat, and he was altogether such a jolly little man as we would expect to see spring from a series of "Foxy Grandpa" pictures.

Now, however, his revery was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Come in," said he, turning his eyes from the fire to the door.

In answer to his invitation a young man, who looked to be about twenty-two years of age, appeared. He was tall and well-built. His waving black hair was brushed smoothly away from a broad forehead. From under his heavy black brows shone thoughtful black eyes, which at present looked as if he were much pleased about something. His firm mouth and square chin gave evidence that his was not a weak character, and the healthy brown tint of his skin showed that he, too, was fond of outdoor life. His blue serge suit was faultlessly made and a perfect fit. His brown shoes were of the latest style and looked as though he might use them for mirrors. In his hand he held a straw hat, which was just coming into season. Altogether he was a typical sample of American youth.

"Congratulate me, Dad," said the young man, as he threw his hat at the table and himself into a chair. In his excitement he sat down on a big tiger cat, his father's special pet, which occupied the chair. "I have made all the arrangements for our trip. Am I not a quick worker?"

"You certainly are, Dick," said Mr. Benson. "You are very like your mother in energy, and I am proud of you. When shall we start?"

"We shall start day after tomorrow," said Dick "It is nice to think of our little hunting lodge in Alaska. The last time we were there I was only fifteen, and a corking time I had, too. Do you remember the first bear I shot? I was more afraid of that bear than he was of me, but I had to shoot him to save myself."

"I, too, shall be very glad to go," said Mr. Benson. "I think I am not yet too old to shoot."

The boy, who was rather restless in his excitement, as was evidenced by his continually moving about, soon jumped up and ran downstairs. The big shepherd dog, Jack, who had hitherto lain concealed in a corner, followed him, and Mr. Benson was left undisturbed, save by the purring of the big cat, which had changed her bed from the chair, where she had been so rudely disturbed, to his lap.

He was thinking of the proposed trip when suddenly the strains of lively ragtime began to float up the stairway and through the partly open door. This lively music effectively stopped his meditation, but it was soon changed for the softer and more beautiful strains of classical music, played by the hand of an artist. However, his thoughts were hopelessly scattered. He had just collected them when the music ceased, and almost at the same instant, a maid announced supper.

The Bensons went into society a good deal, and when the evening meal was served at other places they knew it should be called dinner. Mr. Benson, however, loved a homelike life, so at home they had dinner at noon, but in the evening they had supper.

Nothing more of importance happened until the next evening. All the packing had been done that day. Mr. Benson sat in his study alone save for his cat, Jack, and the little god. Dick had gone to a party which was being given by one of his college friends.

The old man was contemplating the little god. Let us steal up behind him and look at it with him. Squat, ugly, and evil looking, it stood on the table before

him. It was beautiful, only in the shining gold of which it was made, and the large triangular emeralds which formed its eyes.

As he gazed on this little image, which was the pride of his collection, he said to himself, "We can not leave it here, it is too valuable. It must go with us."

That night when Dick returned, he noticed that the light in his father's study was still burning, so he knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Benson. When Dick had entered and seated himself his father said to him, "I have been waiting for you. I have decided that we must take the little god with us."

If he had been watching the little image on the table he might have imagined that he saw it wink one emerald eye, and leer wickedly at him.

"I am willing," said Dick, "on one condition. If you take the little god, I must take Jack. He will do me much more good than the little god will do you."

Dick knew that his father would take the little god anyway if he wished, but he had decided that this would be a favorable time for asking permission to take his favorite pet. Accordingly he had broached the subject jokingly, although the request was earnest.

He was a little surprised when his father answered, "I agree to your condition. I myself have been thinking that Jack would be a valuable addition to our camping outfit. Now we must retire, as we must be up very early tomorrow."

The next morning the Bensons were up very early. Before they left home Mr. Benson did not forget to place the little god in his large suit case, which was already packed to its capacity. Dick also had a large suit case. This was to be a camping trip, and not a very long one, so this was all the baggage necessary.

As they walked down the stairs, a servant ahead carrying their suit cases, big Jack trotted behind them, happy in the fact that he was with his young master.

Two days later, two men, one young and one old, but both very much excited, swung from a train in a little town in Alaska. From the baggage car bounded a big shepherd dog, who, in his joy, nearly knocked the younger of the two down. It was early in the day when Dick and his father left the train, but they were eager to reach their cabin before dusk.

They set out immediately in search of a guide and soon procured an old Indian called White Wing, who promised to stay with them throughout the period of their camp. Before they started on their march they had to buy provisions for their camp. They depended on hunting and fishing for their fresh meat, but they bought coffee, condensed milk, bacon, flour, and a few small necessities.

They did not reach their cabin that day. It was dusk of the next day when their tired eyes at last saw something besides snow and ice, and their joy was great when they found that the dark spot was their own cabin.

They went immediately inside and soon the Indian guide had a merry fire crackling in the big fireplace. Mr. Benson was slicing bacon, and Dick, with Jack after him, had gone to the spring for water They had expected to have no fresh meat for supper, but Jack had barely left the cabin when he found a rabbit's trail. He captured the rabbit, and just as they were about to eat supper he scratched at the door. Dick ran to let him in, but he was much surprised when the big dog, wet and bedraggled, laid at his feet a large fat rabbit.

Supper was delayed until the rabbit could be cooked, and it proved a very welcome addition to the evening meal. We may be assured that Jack received his full share of the hot meal, which took away the weariness of all.

The day after the Bensons left New York, two men called at their home. One was middle-aged, the other was a young man. Both had dark Eastern faces and almond eyes, and each had a very foreign look. The elder of the two had a face which resembled that of the little god. It was disfigured by an ugly leer, and his eyes had a wicked look, but the younger had a face which, though characteristically Eastern, showed some trace of human kindness, and was very handsome in its strange Oriental style. Had it not been for their modern clothes and their perfect English, the dignified butler who opened the door might well have believed himself confronted by two of the Eastern magicians of "Arabian Nights."

When they were told that the Bensons had gone on a journey of indefinite length, the leer on the face of the elder seemed to grow more wicked. The younger man, however, asked where a letter would reach Mr. Benson. On being told a letter would reach him in Alaska, he thanked the old butler substantially and drew the elder man away with him.

On leaving the Benson mansion the two dark men went immediately to a hotel, where the younger asked for pens, ink and paper, while the elder smoked in silence. We have not time now to learn the entire contents of the letter, which was addressed to Cyril Benson. Suffice it to say that it contained a desire to buy the little god, the price to be named by Mr. Benson.

Over a week later the young Easterner received an answer to his letter. Mr. Benson expressed his fondness for the little god and its value as a curio, then said he would not part with it for any consideration on earth. When the young Easterner

showed this to his companion, the latter said something in an unknown tongue, and on his face was the expression with which an American would say, "I told you so."

Then he remarked in English, "It is my turn now, you have tried and failed. Now we will try my plan, which cannot fail."

That night the New York home of the Bensons was ransacked. Every room in the house was in disorder. Furniture was torn apart and carpets lifted, the safe in Mr. Benson's study was blown open; but the housekeeper, who knew all Mr Benson's affairs, stated that nothing was missing. Evidently the burglars had not found what they were looking for.

The next day our eastern friends were seen on the streets of New York for the last time. The face of the elder wore a more decided leer than ever, and as they walked along the younger remarked, "Your plan also has failed. Now it is again my turn. I have decided that we shall go to Alaska."

It was Monday evening, the beginning of the third week spent by the Bensons in Alaska. Mr. Benson and White Wing were fishing through the ice of a river not far away. Dick sat by the fire reading, when suddenly he was disturbed by a low growl from Jack.

Glancing through the one small window which the cabin contained, Dick beheld a dark face pressed against the pane. Even as he gazed it disappeared. It was the face of the elder of our eastern friends. Taking his revolver in his hand, Dick ran out of the house, followed by Jack. Behind them the door swung open, and the cold wind, rushing in, blew out the lamp by which Dick had been reading.

When Dick reached the window there was no one in sight anywhere around. The only evidence of the intruder was found in the tracks of queerly shaped shoes on the snow.

"I can follow these tracks for a few minutes," thought Dick, "and be back when father and White Wing return." Accordingly he started away, with Jack at his heels. He had gone but a short distance, however, when he decided that he had better turn back.

As they neared the cabin, Jack discovered a rabbit trail and barked excitedly. Inside the cabin, the fire leaped up, revealing the dark face of the other Hindu. Jack's bark sounded faintly in the distance. The man in the cabin dropped the suit case which he was examining and ran from the cabin, going around the side on which there was no window.

He was not a minute too soon. Dick entered, and even in the firelight he saw that something was wrong. He lit the lamp and gazed about him. The covers of the bunks were scattered on the floor, the suit cases were open and their contents lay scattered about.

Dick was utterly dumbfounded. "What can they want here?" he said to himself. Suddenly his face brightened. "The little god!" he said.

He drew a shade over the window, shut and barred the door, then ran to the fireplace. He pressed the end of a log at the end of the fireplace and the log immediately swung out, revealing a hole in the wall. Within stood the ugly little idol flashing and gleaming in the light.

"At least, I am thankful that they did not get it," said he, "for if they had, I should have been soundly scolded for my carelessness."

Then he set about putting the cabin in order. He had just finished his task when his father and White Wing returned. As they washed the tin dishes after a hearty supper, he told them of his adventure.

"You were too careless," said his father.

"Heap bad men," said White Wing, "Make um lotta trouble," when the whole party relapsed into silence.

At eight o'clock that night they retired and each went to sleep immediately. Dick was dreaming about an encounter with a polar bear when suddenly a queer odor crept over his senses. Then his dream changed and he seemd to be walking through a field of poppies. From this dream he sank into a heavy slumber.

Each of the other men had similar dreams and sank into the same heavy slumber. Even the dog, though he did not dream, was put to sleep by the odor. The cabin was thus left unguarded. What is the eastern drug which has the smell of poppies and causes sleep when it is inhaled?

It was almost noon the next day when Dick awoke. The bunk across from his was empty. In the blanket on the floor the Indian was beginning to wake up, and over in the corner of the room the dog, Jack, yawned lazily and, rising, walked over toward his master.

As Dick's wits all awakened from his slumber, it seemd to him that something was wrong. White Wing, waking up, gave a grunt of surprise and Jack sniffed the air curiously. There was the unmistakable smell of poppies in the air.

"Opium," said Dick, jumping out of his blankets, where he slept like a soldier in his clothes. "Wherever did it come from?"

Then he remembered his adventure of yesterday, and glancing around him he saw that the room was in the wildest disorder, far worse than that of yesterday. Where could his father be?

He went to the door. White Wing was already outside. His father's tracks were not there in the snow, but there were others. Instead of the queer pointed shoes worn by one person, there were the tracks

of two people who seemed by the marks in the snow, to have been half dragging, half carrying, another man.

"Ugh!" said the Indian, "Heap bad men carry away father."

Dick, by looking at the tracks, saw that the guide was right. There was no time to lose. Dick ran back into the cabin. Quickly he made coffee for himself and the guide and then he made some sandwiches. These he rolled up into two packages. One package he gave to White Wing and the other he placed in his pocket. He then took his revolver and said to Jack, "On guard," and closed the door.

Once outside he said to White Wing, "Go look for him. I shall go this way and you may go any other way you like."

So saying he started away, following the tracks left by the intruders. He had walked for some distance and was in a large forest, when suddenly something hit him an awful blow on the head from behind. Without a sound he sank to the ground.

When Dick recovered he found himself in a dark cave. He was dizzy and his head ached, but he managed to eat a sandwich, which made him feel better. Then he took out his flashlight and began to examine the cave. There seemed to be no opening. However, when he went around it the second time, he found an opening in the solid rock, but it had been completely covered with dirt and stones.

Suddenly the truth dawned on Dick. "Buried alive!" he cried in despair. At first he gave up hope, but after the first fears were over he began to dig frantically.

While Dick was going through the forest before his misfortune, the Indian had been examining the caves in the neighborhood. It was about the time when Dick was hit that he discovered one with a stone rolled before the opening. This attracted the attention of the wise old guide, so he rolled the stone away. There, blinking at him in the unexpected light, sat Mr. Benson.

They returned to the cabin immediately, where they found Jack still faithfully guarding. As soon as they opened the door and he saw that his young master was not with them, he bounded away. He soon picked up Dick's trail and finally reached the cave where Dick was imprisoned.

In the meantime Mr. Benson and White Wing had become uneasy and had set out in search of the young man.

Inside the cave, Dick, exhausted from digging at the frozen dirt, was forced to rest, but on the outside, although unknown to him, his faithful old dog was digging steadily as fast as he could. An hour and a half later Dick wa sstartled to see daylight break through the closed opening. The spot of daylight kept growing larger, until suddenly the digging stopped.

The hole was just big enough for him to crawl through. When he reached the outside, the first thing that met his eye was faithful old Jack, lying panting on the snow As soon as the dog had recovered his strength, Dick set out for the cabin, with Jack at his heels. They came around the side of the house just as Mr. Benson and White Wing came up at the front.

Dick and his father shook hands very warmly, while the Indian looked on, smiling, and grunted his approval.

Forgetful of the cold, they stood outside, while Dick told of his escape. Then it was Jack's turn. He was nearly overcome with joy at the petting he received from all of them.

Even the old Indian took his pipe from his mouth and said, "Ugh, heap good dog," which was high praise indeed, coming from him. Then they went inside. The first thing that their eyes fell upon was the safe at the side of the fireplace, which was wide open and empty. The little god was gone!

Mr. Benson was shocked; he became angry and his anger turned into utter despair.

The next day, just as they were packing their suit cases to leave for home to hire a detective, there was a soft knock on the door. When Dick opened it, much to his surprise, the young Hindu stepped inside. He was even more surprised when their enemy handed him the little god.

"We are very sorry for the trouble we have caused you," said he. "It was the wrong god. Thirty years ago in a temple in India there were two little gods on the altar, very much like this one. One night one of the gods was stolen. Ever since that time the greatest detectives of India and those of other countries have been searching for the missing god. Then one day we came upon the man who sold you this one."

"His description of it corresponded exactly to the stolen one, so we have taken all this trouble to get it. Now since we have secured it, we have discovered that it is not the right one. The one for which we are searching has diamond eyes, but this one has emerald eyes, so we have brought it back. As soon as we had discovered our error, we went immediately to the cave where you were imprisoned, but you were gone. How on earth did you ever get out?"

Dick explained how Jack had saved him and the young Hindu was warm and sincere in his praise of the dog. He even offered to buy Jack, but Dick, of course, refused to sell him.

"Well," said the young Hindu, "I shall not try to steal him from you. There is only one thing for which an honest Hin-

du will steal, and that is his religion. Now as you are busy I will bid you good-bye. I am especially sorry about the opium trick, which was my companion's idea."

When he had gone Dick sank into a chair. "Father," said he, "wouldn't that get your goat?"

After Dick and his father had returned to New York, Dick met the young Hindu again. He told Dick that his evil companion had returned to India. The young Easterner soon became Dick's close friend. He was a frequent visitor in the Benson home and soon overcame the dog's dislike for him, so that the dog was almost as fond of him as his master was.

Five years later Dick married a beautiful young lady and the little god was the wedding gift from Mr. Benson. From that day to this, it has remained with them. Time has not softened its ugliness, but it seems to Dick that it has lost some of its evil look since the time when his father suggested that they take it to Alaska with them.

The End.

The Calendar

SEPTEMBER

Sept. 6—The school bell sounded "taps" for vacation this morning. The same old gab between friends that haven't seen each other for ten weeks. Freshmen and new teachers are all scared and excited. They don't know what to do at all—just act like they never saw a high school before.

Sept. 7—Three Seniors get sent home for smoking. They promise never to do it again and come back to school.

Sept. 8—The novelty has sort of worn off and the school is settling down to work.

Sept. 9—Mr. Ford leads us in our first pep meeting. Coach Rawlings makes his bow before the assembly. He ain't so bashful mamma. Football is coming along fine, so far. The first practice was held yesterday.

Sept. 12—First week gone. Aren't you sorry?

Sept. 14—The E. H. S. Athletic Association was organized today.

Sept. 15—The first football casualty was reported today. Barney Koogle was slightly hurt but it isn't serious.

Sept. 16—Jack Dimond and Rose Henry are elected cheer leaders by the A. A. They are both noisy enough to hold down the job.

Sept. 17—Fire drill today—three hundred lives saved.

Sept. 20—Bill Delicate came back this morning looking like he'd been in the battle of Marathon.

Sept. 21—Scotty Leuker and Irving Smith went to the second show at eight-thirty tonight. Oh, boys—your morals will be ruined—why must it come to this?

Sept. 22—A dog walked into school today to see what he thought of it. He liked it.

Sept. 28—Another fire drill was held this morning. The Juniors showed a remarkable presence of mind. Willie Bailey, who was suddenly awakened when he heard the bell, shouted, "Come in."

Sept. 30—Oliver McNielly, '20, made a talk before the school on football today that was very much appreciated. Tonight the "Snappy Seniors," alias the "Jolly Juniors," gave the first dance of the season in the Wildey Hall.

OCTOBER

Oct. 1—Litchfield beat E. H. S. in a football game on the Leclaire rink today, 16-6.

Oct. 2—The Zoology hike in the afternoon was quite a society event. They caught a butterfly, three stink bugs and a fishing worm.

Oct. 4—A goodly flock represented the Edwardsville High School at the Veiled Prophets parade in St. Louis tonight. Harris Lynch was the cheap feature of the evening.

Oct. 5, 6 and 7—Teachers' Institute. They are getting a little of their own medicine.

Oct. 10—Mr. Ford talked to the school on athletics this morning.

Oct. 11—Miss Willett says you can't sit together in the assembly any more unless it is ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

Oct. 12—The Senior class officers and the Tiger officials were elected by acclamation after school in Miss McClure's room. The Seniors had a flag raising contest tonight but the "rag" was taken down before the school had a good look at it.

Oct. 13—Ferguson Geers cut a figure at the American Legion Auxiliary dance at the Wildey this evening. He escorted two girls.

Oct. 14—Mr. Krumsiek, our new principal, didn't make any new rulings today.

Oct. 17—The Senior banner waved in the breeze again today but the janitor was too sly and agile for the upper classmen and the banner hardly "saw the dawn's early light."

Oct. 18—"Young Dustin Griffin comes out of the West; of all the wild stories—his line is the best."

Oct. 19—Eldon Wetzel of Alhambra, who afiliated himself with the Greenville High School for the past two years, signed up as a Junior in E. H. S. today.

Oct. 20—Dustin Griffin tells us that twenty men were killed in the first day of the annual round-up out in Idaho and that the performance lasted for a month.

Oct. 21—The Senior banner hoisting has become a habit. Owing to the clever contrivance of some Senior the banner didn't come down so easily this time. It flew all day.

Oct. 22—Lloyd Caldwell puts out a clever contralto voice at the song service in the assembly this morning.

Oct. 23—Dorothy Schwarz, the pride of the Cicero Class, played "Humpty-Dumpty" today and "Had a great fall" down the stairs.

Oct. 25—Helen Heim quit school today. (P. S. She returned in four days.)

Oct. 26—The first basketball meeting was held after school this afternoon by Coach Rawlings.

Oct. 27—Students are no longer permitted to "put on the nose bag" in the assembly. This ruling pertains to peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum and candy.

Oct. 28—The Hallowe'en masquerade party at the school tonight was one of the prettiest parties in the school history. That unknown person who sneaked out when they unmasked was Helen Heim.

NOVEMBER

Nov. 1—Three Senior boys attended court instead of school this afternoon.

Nov. 2—Harry Jones slid earthward on an ex-banana on his way to school today.

Nov. 7—The Stratford Literary Club was reorganized after school. This is the club's fifth year. Robert Shafer is the only charter member of the society.

Nov. 8—Clio Kinder reveals to her friends the fact that her middle name is Patra.

Nov. 10—E. H. S. came out on top in a basketball contest with Wood River, 18-15. It was a good and close game.

Nov. 11—Armistice Day. School was dismissed but the ponds weren't frozen over so Junior Tuxhorn didn't have a very good time.

Nov. 14—Clarence Rinkel, in his haste, came to school "sans collar" and didn't know what everyone was laughing at until noon.

Nov. 15—Thirty new members were admitted to the Stratford Literary Club at a meeting in "Room 202" this afternoon.

Nov. 16—Harris Virgil Lynch and Eddie Fields set a new pace for the followers of fashion today when they wore brand new suspenders to school. The former's cost thirty-five centavos and the latter's cost forty.

Nov. 17—Mr. Krumsiek went up to Champaign and the high school misbehaved frightfully. Someone threw away a twenty-five-cent piece in the fifth assembly period (which made Miss Gewe quite angry).

Nov. 18—The Photo Club was organized after school with a large membership. Colonel Waters was elected president.

Nov. 19—Miss Davis made a speech at a pep meeting in the auditorium this a. m.

Nov. 21—Senior Tacky Day. Some of the boys certainly came to school in wierd costumes.

Nov. 22—Irving Smith, Elmer Boeker, James Waters, Carl Richardson and Sherman Ramey were suspended from school today for insubordination. A scenic auto trip was one of the interesting features of the afternoon.

Nov. 23—The five Seniors who were suspended on Tacky Day returned this morning bringing their parents with them. This reminds us of that first day that our parents brought us to school, but perhaps the academy of learning was less mysterious today than at the time of the former incident—although it was just as fearful. The basketball game tonight draws a good crowd and the team continues its habit of cleaning off the table. They beat O'Fallon 25-14.

Nov. 24—The Thanksgiving holidays are here. We hate that.

Nov. 28—The gang returns to school this morning with turkey-besmirched faces and cranberry-stained neckties—a gentle and cute way of commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the first Thanksgiving.

Nov. 29—Ralph Silcott moved to St. Louis today where he will pursue the study of commercial art in one of the St. Louis high schools.

DECEMBER

Dec. 1—Virginia Lehne reprimanded a chicken a few days ago for using fowl language.

Dec. 2—Miss Woods went to the show tonight but it was too tame for her. There were only nineteen murders.

Dec. 5—A new rule was made today making the yellow-slip penalty three per cent instead of five off the monthly grade. We will explain for the benefit of the few in school who don't know that the yellow slip is awarded for unexcused absence.

Dec. 6—Only nineteen more days for Christmas shopping.

Dec. 10—Kermit Miller went to a party tonight and so did Helen Keshner.

Dec. 14—Mr. Krumsiek almost took a bath in the drinking fountain this morning. The water didn't respond in time and when it did at last issue forth it made up for lost time.

Dec. 20—We are practicing up to go carolling.

Dec. 24—When the time for carolling came the student body didn't show up.

Dec. 31—Last day of 1921. Happy New Year.

JANUARY.

Jan. 3—The Christmas vacation is over and school started again today with heaps of enthusiasm.

Jan. 4—Some Freshman popped a cork out of an ink bottle in Mr. Krumsiek's assembly period.

Jan. 6—Edwardsville had it all over Hillsboro in a basket-ball game here tonight. E. H. S. 21—Hillsboro 10.

Jan. 8—Seven or eight couples hiked to Nitsche's Woods in the afternoon to take pictures for the Tiger. No pictures but they did take some bad colds.

Jan. 9—Elmer Boeker and Helen Hall had some bad luck when they were out riding on the Hillsboro road. Elmer's Briscoe tried to run over a machine from Benld. This is the second event of its kind this year. Not long ago a telephone post hit Scotty Leuker's machine in self defense.

Jan. 10—Dot Geers brought a bunch of dime novels to school this morning. They can now be obtained for three cents each at the Woolworth fire sale. Here is a good chance to build up the school library.

Jan. 11—Carl Richardson's shoes were not mates when he came to school in a hurry today. One was black and the other was brown.

Jan. 12—George and Clarence Rinkel got to school on time for the first time in the new year.

Jan. 13—Friday, the Thirteenth—no wonder Belleville won the basketball game.

Jan. 16—"She better not mean what she says in that note," remarked Harris Blixen in a fit of artificial anger.

Jan. 17—Wimar Suppiger and Leta Glass upset the Victrola dancing in the grade hall.

Jan. 19—A big deep snow fell today and Esther Zika hit Mildred McCune in the ear with an ice ball.

Jan. 20—Many of the high school kids went up to the American Legion Indoor Carnival this evening.

Jan. 21—This is Miss Weber's last day in the Edwardsville High School. Miss Weber was released by the Board of Education when she was offered a position in the high school in her own home town—Keokuk, Iowa. She will teach English and Mathematics there. Success to you, Miss Weber.

Jan. 25—Miss Eaton arrived today to fill the vacancy left by Miss Weber. She hails from Texas.

Jan. 26—Ansel Shupack asked the coach if he could be the captain of the second team. It would then at least be a financial success.

Jan. 30—This is the first day of the second semester.

FEBRUARY

Feb. 1—Edwardsville beat Staunton in a red hot basketball game by the score of 25-23.

Feb. 2—The editor has his annual attack of tonsilitis.

Feb. 3—The Seniors were turned loose in the seats next to the windows today. Now is the time for us to start getting the "big head."

Feb. 6—Boeker resigned as business manager and Waters was elected to fill the vacancy.

Feb. 7—Leo Feldworth was appointed to the business staff. Leo, who is not a bashful boy, went out and rounded up seventy-five dollars in advertising in one night.

Feb. 11—Mildred Fruit is seventeen years old today. Congratulations, Mildred, and many happy returns of the day. (This is to say that we hope you get many presents which can be returned to the store for their cash value.)

Feb. 12—The outlook for Miss McClure's intellectual team is pretty dull when you consider the extent of training in some of our rival schools. We heard that one debating coach in a nearby high school broke his arm demonstrating the correct use of gestures.

Feb. 13—The rehearsals for "All Aboard" started in the court house tonight. Twenty-five or more high school youngsters are participating in the play in the choruses.

Feb. 16—The coach and nine basketball players and their friends drove over to Wood River to see a basketball game tonight in a four-passenger machine. Hide your face, Sardine, you're a back number.

Feb. 17—Alton beat E. H. S. tonight in our own gym 21-20. You will remember that Edwardsville did the same thing to Alton in the last game over there by the very same score. Attention, Judge Landis, maybe it's a frame-up.

Feb. 21—The reception given tonight by the students and the teachers for the parents was a great success. Two more similar events are on the card for next year.

Feb. 22—Washington's birthday. School was dismissed in the afternoon. Hats off to the first president. Rose Henry, Helen Dunlap, Eleanor Geers, Bonnie Duban, Mil Werre and Mabel Cunningham went on a hike this afternoon in an automobile.

Feb. 23—Stolte and Lynch put on four swift rounds after basketball practice this afternoon for the benefit of the "starving orphans." Referee—Orville Isaacs. The final rehearsal for "All Aboard" at four o'clock this afternoon interferred with the heart-to-heart talks in the assembly after school. So many of the youthful lovers were in the play.

Feb. 24—The team went to Collinsville and brought home the "lemons." Collinsville 34, Edwardsville 7.

Feb. 27—There is quite a little influenza in town now. You are out-or-date if you haven't a cold or something.

Feb. 28—Miss McClure and some of the Senior girls have finished the church census of Edwardsville. Milton Clark went to a church banquet in Alton tonight and lost the heel off his shoe—which caused him a great deal of embarrassment.

MARCH

March 1.—Bruno Schafer surprised the lads this morning by wearing patent leather shoes to school. With Colonel Waters it was a a case of love at first sight.

March 2.—Oscar Bardelmeier announces that there are ten new pigs in his pen this morning. He is certainly a happy boy.

March 8.—Monk Lynch is at home recuperating from the effects of another fight.

March 13.—Willie Bailey, an enthusiastic reader of the comic section of the daily and Sunday papers, was found reading a funny paper in the light plant while Mr. Porter was explaining the workings of a dynamo to the physics class that was visiting

the plant on an inspection tour. Willie was reading about Chester Gump.

March 14.—The Freshmen lucked it over the fast Senior squad in the opening match of the scrub tourney by the score of 39-4.

March 15.—The Juniors were humbled by the Sophs in tonights scrub game.

March 16.—The Freshmen won the title in the scrub event tonight when they defeated the Sophomore quint 22-11.

March 17.—St. Patrick's day. The Seniors (with the exception of about forty) were too proud to dress up in green clothes for the day.

March 19.—Joe Ladd tried out the strength in his legs this morning by jumping rope with the fifth grade girls. Got to thirty-one and then fell down.

March 22.—Oliver Spitze was at school again this afternoon. Bring on the first for attendance.

March 23.—Dutch Bryant and Justin Brady bloomed out in long pants in the evening at a party. They were afraid to come to school that way on account of the ridicule that they would receive.

March 24.—Bonnie Duban fell down in the assembly just like Mil Fruit did last semester. Don't you remember?

APRIL

April 3.—The ex-soldier magician made a short demonstration before the High School at 1:30 that was very much liked.

April 4.—Colonel Waters got excused from school to vote in the ownship election.

April 5.—Some of the boys took off their coats and rolled up their sleeves on account of the excessive spring heat but the Seniors were too dignified. We don't want to make any predicitions that would infringe this dignity but watch the Senior boys in the first two weeks of June.

April 6.—Forty-five members of the physics and chemistry classes drove to Alton today under the supervision of Mr. Porter and visited four of the large manufacturing plants.

Swede Spitze and Mr. Porter got showered with milk in the High School cafeteria at Alton when Spitze tried to open a milk bottle the wrong way.

April 6.—The teachers' convention in East St. Louis gave the school a holiday.

April 8.—Harris Lynch went swimming in the afternoon and tore his Sunday pants in the evening playing tag with the colored boys.

April 9.—The water supply was shut off today and school was dismissed.

April 11.—We came back to school today and the water supply was on.

April 12.—Here are the important dates for the rest of the year: The Baccalaureate Service, June 11; Commencement exercises, June 13; School picnic, June 15.

WHAT IF—

Rodney Blake made 100 in English?

Lucille Doeblin forgot the powder puff?

Wimar Suppiger did not have a date seven nights a week?

Irene Knackstedt would talk in class?

Robert Schafer wasn't a perfect gentleman?

Eleanor Geers didn't have a date when the campfire girls were going to meet?

Miss Gewe should forget to give the Seniors a lecture some day?

Irving Smith's hair should fall out?

E. H. S., should have a perfect attendance for a day?

Idle Hour should exclude all High School boys?

Mr. Porter should get out of humor?

Scotty Leuker should study a little?

Miss Woods should forget to assign an outline to one of her classes?

Elmer Boeker should attend school every Monday morning?

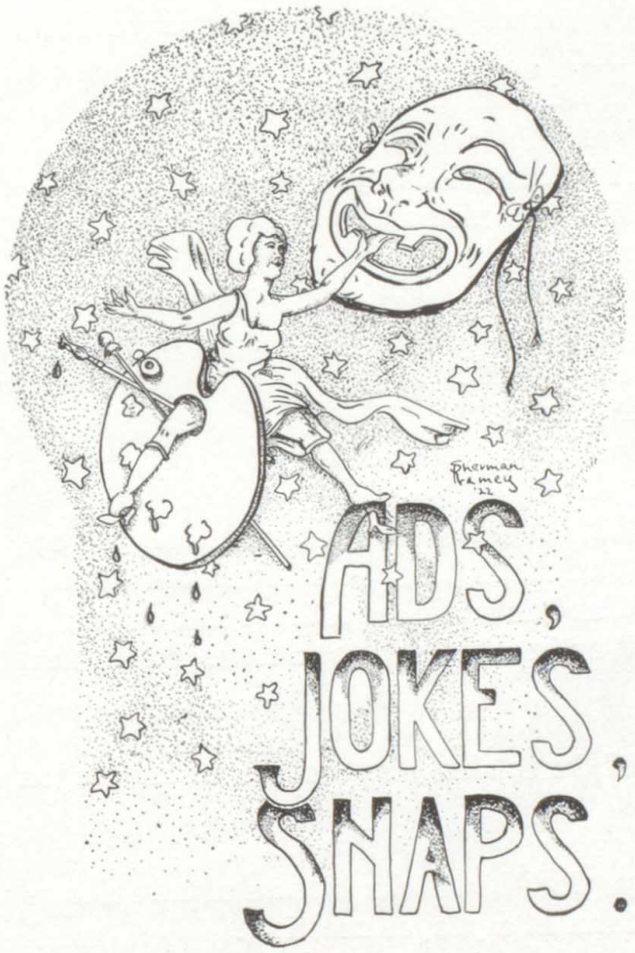
Oliver Spitze should go to school for a full day?

Grace Cunningham should flunk in a study?

Willie Bailey should not be allowed to indulge in the comic section?

Miss Gewe should get angry at Ed Fields in English IV?

Harris Lynch should lose his witty qualities and not have a fight for ten minutes?


Sherman Ramey '22
ADS,
JOKES,
SNAPS.

Mirror-lined walls on the dance floors would bring about a two-fold benefit. Wallflowers would see themselves as other see them and some of the up-to-date dances would become extinct.

Mother: "Have you washed your face?"
Melvin B.: "No."
Mother: expecting a polite answer from her little boy) "No, what?"
Melvin: "No water."

Miss Willet: "What are some of the staple products of America?"
Helen Hall: "Hay".
Miss Willet: "I said "staple", not "stable."

Mr. Krumsiek: "Elmer, have you any energy?"
Elmer B.: "I don't think so."
Mr. Krumsiek: "I know so."

History IV, H. Lynch week after Thanksgiving vacation. "Miss Wood, will we get out of school Friday?"
Miss Wood: "No, why?"
Harris: "Well we got out last Friday."

War and Love are strange compeers;
War sheds blood and love shed tears;
War has swords and Love has darts;
War breaks heads and Love breaks hearts.
Jack Dimond.

Man is made of dust; along comes the water wagon of Fate and his name is mud.

Otto Unger says that he thinks human nature shows to better advantage at a dog fight than at a prayer meeting.

Isn't it odd, Alouise, that a horse can eat best without a bit in its mouth.

One wonders whether or not it is true that Ferguson Geers had his hair cut short because his little brother liked to pull it. A mean nature, indeed.

High School students all believe in law and order but a surprisingly large number of them like to see a policeman get whipped.

What is so rare as a nap in Miss Davis' shorthand class?

* * *

One of the teachers: How many senses are there?
Harry Jones: Six.
Teacher: How come? I have only five.
Harry, the clever freshman: I know it. The other is common sense.

* * *

One of the teachers instructed a sophomore to purchase a grammar. The next day she received the following from the girl's mother:

"I do not desire for Lulu shall ingage in grammar as I prefer to ingage in yuseful studies and can learn how to spoke and write properly myself. I have went through two grammars and can say that they didn't done me no good. I prefer for her to ingage in drawing and vocal music on the piano."

* * *

Miss I. C. S.: What insect requires the least nourishment?
Rose Henry: The moth. It eats holes.

* * *

Make hay while the sun shines, but don't loaf every time you see a cloud. Attention Duke Blake.

* * *

The hills lie naked—
The limbs of the trees are bare—
No wonder the corn is shocked.

* * *

Many a young man now standing on the threshold of Life will spend the balance of his life leaning against the door.

* * *

St. Peter, keeper of the celestial gate: "What are your credentials, young man?"
Student: "Here is my diploma, E. H. S. 1922."
St. Peter: "Ah, and did you buy a Tiger?"
Student: "N-no-no."
St. Peter: "Elevator, down—thermometer up."

* * *

One day Ehrle in May, Love inspired a Dude Little Welch Ladd to Taake a Long spin by the Waters through the neighboring Fields and Groves.

His heart Burns as he passes a number of Hotz, one of which is the abode of his lover, and he sees her crossing the Hall through one of the Glasses in the Wahl.

Alas! Along came a Wolf who raised Kane and an unexpected Rinkel ends my theme.

Miss Gewe: "Someone told me that they were going to take the pavement up from Vandalia Street."

Scotty Leuker: "Yes, it's in the road."

Miss G.: "Waltah, you'll be punished."

* * *

After Fat Boeker's car was smashed up, he had an irate Greek to account with.

"For why you did not put your arm out when you stopped?"

"Why, boy, what do you think I am—an octopus?"

* * *

"Why, Colonel Waters, how dare you pass me up on the street without speaking?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, you have a new pair of shoes and I didn't recognize you."

* * *

Norval Koogle: "I would like to see a pair of shoes that would fit my feet."

Salesman: "So would I."

* * *

"What kind of a girl is Elenor?"

"Oh, she's the kind that asks why the shower room windows are frosted."

* * *

A visitor in the Chemistry class one day asked if that McNielly boy hadn't eaten some laughing gas by mistake.

* * *

Charlie Ehrle: "I love the good, the true, the beautiful, the innocent——"

Beatrice Love: "This is rather sudden, Charlie, but I think father will consent."

* * *

Orville: "We're coming to a tunnel, are you afraid?"

————: "No, not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

* * *

Junior Tuxhorn: "Do you care to go to the basketball game tonight?"

Grace Pizzini (coyly): "Yes, Junior, how nice of you to ask me."

J. T.: "Well, I'm selling tickets, buy yours from me."

* * *

We had a yell leader named Jack,
Of manners he surely did lack;
He danced like a shark,
Liked to stay in the dark,
And his best looking side was his back.

"That's fur enough," said the sweet young Soph to the dressmaker as she picked up her muff.

Esther Zika: "Willie, do you know Clarence Sehnert?"
Willie Bailey: "Sure, we sleep in the same English class."

Miss Woods: "Edwin, where is Constantinople?"
(Pause.)
Edwin Fields: "In Southern Greece."
Irene K.: "Naw, ya goof, he's been exiled to Holland."

Kind Parent: "Young sir, this is very sudden. Would you take my daughter away from me without warning?"
Apprehensive Suitor: "Oh no, sir, if you know anything to warn me about, go ahead."

Bonnie Miller: "The only boy I ever kiss must be my brother."
Robert Wayne: "Tell me, Bonnie, what lodge do you belong to?"

Scotty: "Say, Smith, Dorothy certainly has a pretty waist."
Irving: "Yes, indeed, there's no getting around that."

George Rinkel: "Your Honor, I know I was speeding but I can explain if you give me a little time."
Judge: "All right, young man, ten days."

Mr. Ford: "Young man, didn't your conscience tell you that it was wrong to do it?"
Clarence, the little Rinkel: "Yes, but I don't believe everything I hear."

Riddle: How is an aviator like a cup of good java?
Answer: He is good to the last drop.

"You're faded," shouted Mr. Porter as he drew the piece of calico from the Chlorine jar.

There is a certain little freshman boy who ought to sleep well. He seems to lie so easily.

Jack Dimond: "See Caldwell running with the ball there."
Harriet Delicate: "Yes, Jack, why do you ask?"
Jack: "He's going to be our 'best man' some of these days."
Harriet: "Oh, Jack, this is so sudden."

IF ITS
ELECTRICAL

—and—

IF ITS
PRACTICAL

We Have It

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ELECTRIC
COMPANY

Bohm Bldg.

See—

H. C. GERKE

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Abstracts of Title
Certificates of Title
Title Insurance
Complete records of
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Madison County

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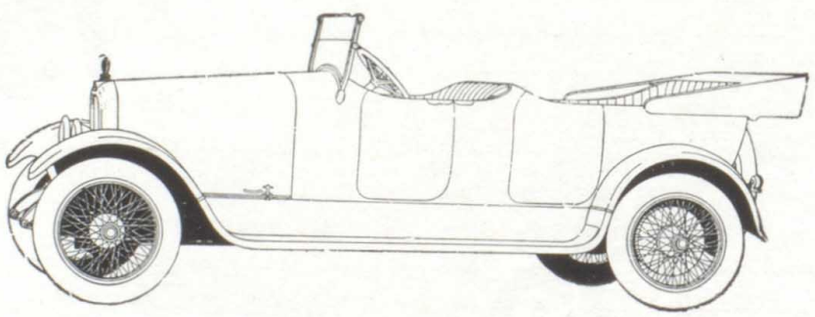

HARWOOD GARAGE

MOTOR EXPERTS

EDWARDSVILLE, ILL.

Phone 345

She stood before her mirror
With her eyes closed very tight,
And tried to see just how she looked
When fast asleep at night.

* * *

We stood in the hall at midnight,
Her lips to mine I pressed,
Her father came upon the scene,
And fast sped the parting guest.

* * *

I learned the truth the other night
That from experience grew;
Faint heart ne'er won fair ladies
But faint whispers often do.

* * *

What is so rare as a day in June?
I'll answer the famed exclamation.
It's finding a Democrat holding a job
In a Republican administration.

* * *

This column would not be complete
Without one James O'Toole;
He tells you that you have split your pants
And then yells April Fool.

* * *

Leo Dustmann: "How is a high school teacher like a gymnast.
Rodney O. B.: "Search me, Leo, search me."
Leo: "Because he has to work with dumbells."

* * *

Calvin M.: "Helen, dear, are you tired of walking?"
Helen Dunlap (seeing visions of a taxi): "Yes, Kelly."
Kelly: "Well, let's run a while."

* * *

The reason that these lines appear
Is just because there was a fear
That without their hidden plot,
This would be an empty spot.

* * *

"Leo, have you taken a shower bath?"
"No, Mr. Rawlings, is one gone?"

* * *

A Freshman stood on the burning deck,
And as far as we could learn,
He stood in perfect safety,
For he was too green to burn.

PLUMBING
AND HEATING
SERVICE

M. DESMOND
MFG. CO.

BOTHMAN
MOTOR
COMPANY

FORD FORDSON

LINCOLN
AUTOMOBILES

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CANDY and ICE CREAM

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I make everything myself and it tastes different than others.

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KING BEE
CANDY KITCHEN

Geo. Coukoulis, Prop.

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Complete Stock of

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GRAFONOLAS
and
COLUMBIA RECORDS

TUXHORN BROS.
HDWE. CO.

Phone Main 6

I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience hurt alack,
I believe I'll go again some night,
And put the blame thing back.

Good girls love their brothers,
But so good have I grown,
That I love someone else's brother,
Better than my own.

The Eskimos sleep in bearskins
Up in the North, I'm told;
Last night I slept in my bare skin,
And caught a deuce of a cold.

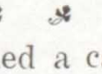
She is stopping at the mountain house
But great seclusion seeks;
She always dresses in the dark
Because the mountain peaks.

"Cling to me, pretty Ivy,"
He whispered in accents thick;
"I certainly will," she answered,
"Archie, you're a brick."

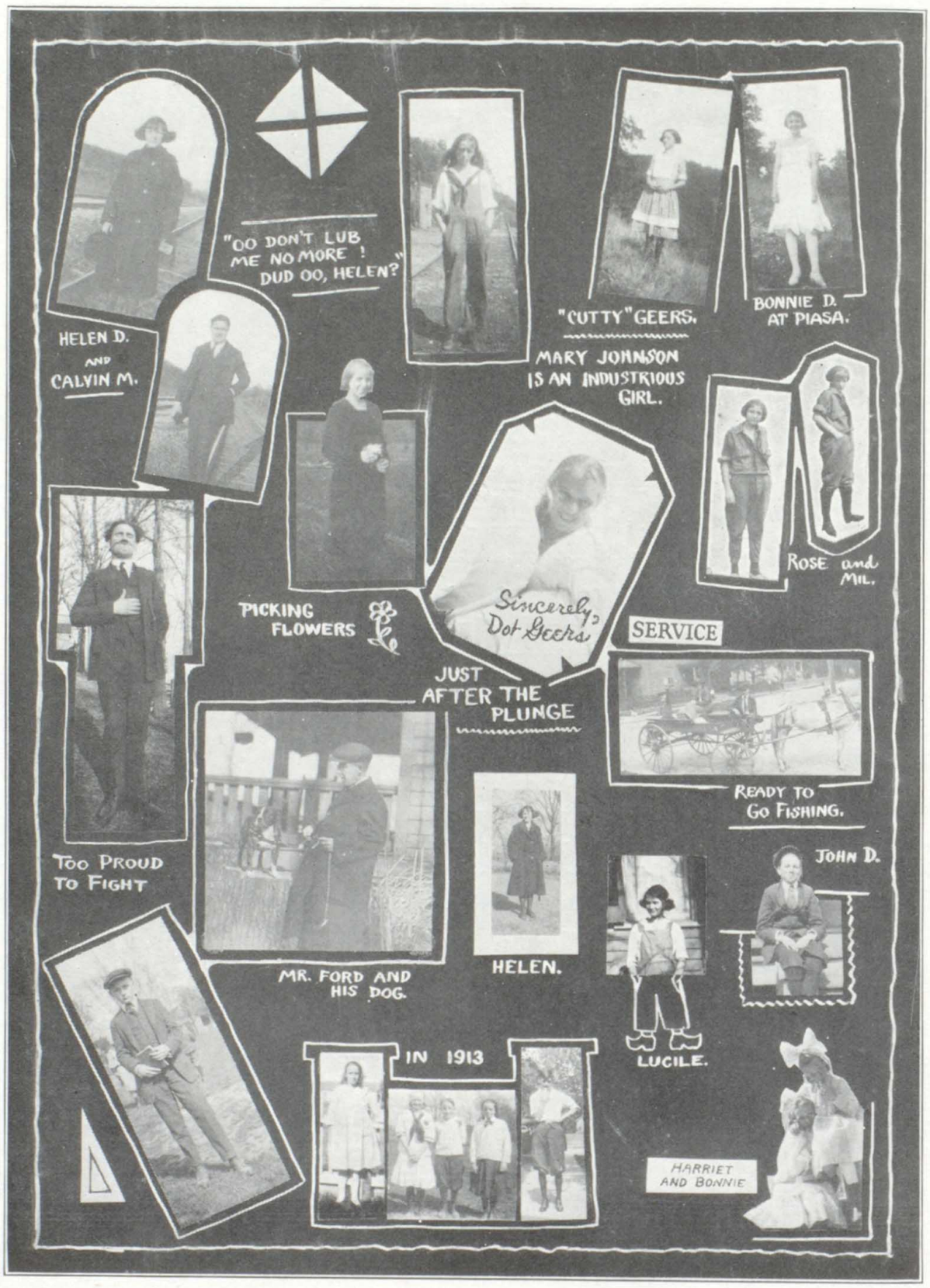
The frost is on the pumpkin,
The corn is on the cob,
The bath is in the bathtub,
The door is on the knob.

My girl's there,
I'll say she's there;
But after last night
I don't care.

She done me dirt,
Yes, done me dirt;
She pressed her lips
Against my shirt.



Our Willie pitched a cartridge up
And on the stony street it struck;
We hadn't bought his school books yet;
Oh! Were we not in luck?


"OO DON'T LUB ME NO MORE ! DUD OO, HELEN?"
HELEN D. AND CALVIN M.
"CUTTY" GEERS.
BONNIE D. AT PIASA.
MARY JOHNSON IS AN INDUSTRIOUS GIRL.
ROSE and MIL.
Sincerely, Dot Geers
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SERVICE
JUST AFTER THE PLUNGE
READY TO Go FISHING.
TOO PROUD TO FIGHT
MR. FORD AND HIS DOG.
HELEN.
JOHN D.
LUCILE.
IN 1913
HARRIET AND BONNIE

THE SUBS.

Sadly on the bench they sit,
To the game they'll not get near,
Until some forward breaks a rib
Or the center bends an ear.

* * *

The Cheer Leader—
If you can coil your frame around
And amble like a deer,
And let out a forty horsepower sound;
You're fit to lead the cheers.

* * *

The comic editor may scratch his head
Until his fingers are sore;
But someone's sure to remark
"I've heard that joke before."

* * *

He stood on the bridge at midnight
Interrupting my sweet repose;
He was a big mosquito
And was on the bridge of my nose.

"Here's where I prove an artist,
Without a brush," he cried,
And drew a lovely maiden
Up closer to his side.

Lives of Freshmen oft remind us
That we once stood in their place,
And departing, left behind us,
Greener ones to take our place.

* * *

I've made a great discovery.
I'll tell Darwin—I think;
I looked under my bureau and
Found the missing link.

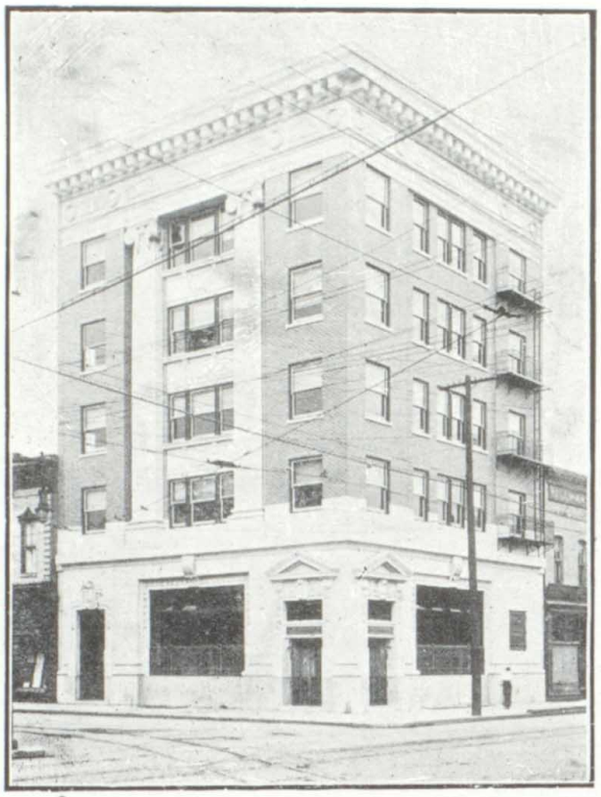
* * *

Hush little Sophomore,
Don't you cry,
You'll get his class ring
Bye and bye.

* * *

It was just the other day
In a fortune telling place,
A pretty maiden read my hand
And then she slapped my face.

1868



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B. H. Richards, Sr.
F. B. Sanders
A. E. Stolze
Thos. Williamson
A. P. Wolf

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Geo. W. Meyer, President
W. L. Hadley, Vice-Pres.
Geo. D. Burroughs, V.-Pres.
A. P. Wolf, Vice-President
Frank B. Sanders, Cashier
Sam V. Crossman, Ass't. Cash.
Geo. C. Stullken, Ass't. Cash.

You never hear the bee complain,
Nor hear it weep or wail;
But if it wished it could unfold,
A very painful tail.

* * *

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not,
He is a Freshman—pity him;
He who knows not and knows that he knows not,
He is Sophomore—teach him;
He who knows and knows not that he knows,
He is a Junior—wake him (with a brick).
But he who knows and knows that he knows,
He is a Senior—pet him and feed him fudge.

* * *

Helen Keshner has a beau,
On courtship he is bent,
And every place that Helen goes,
His Ford is sure to went.

* * *

Willie in a fit of gall,
Drank some wooden alcohol;
Willie croaked—his ma grew pensive—
Alcohol is so expensive.

* * *

Here lie the bones
Of a boy named Ed;
He told Mabel Bollman
Her hair was red.

* * *

The young man led for a heart;
The maid for a diamond played;
Her old man came down with a club,
And the sexton used a spade.

* * *

My girl's name is Anna,
She kids me all the time
She told me that she loved me,
And kissed me—that's a crime.

I went away to college,
I'm now a chemist wise;
And now it's awful easy
To tell when Anna-lyze.

THE WILDEY

Edwardsville's Foremost Theatre

PRESENTS

Entertainments of Supreme Quality

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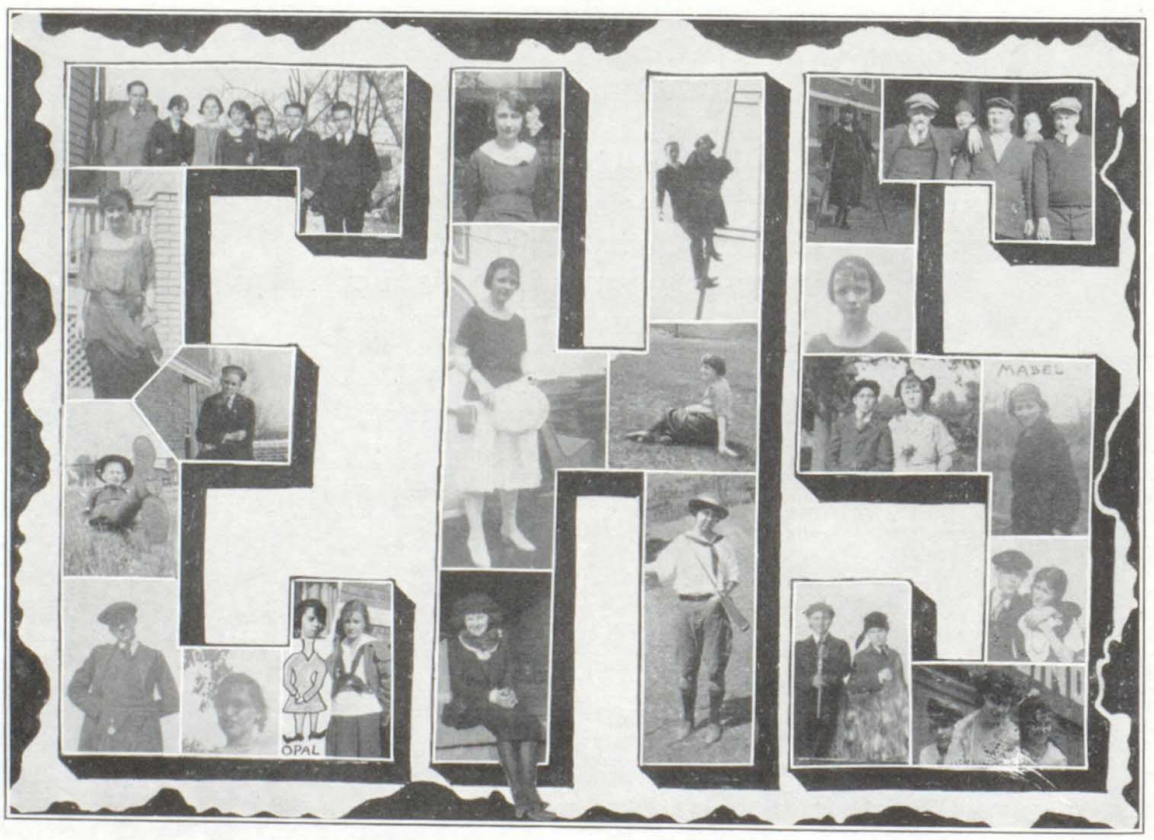

Here lies the remains
Of Charlie Lee;
Cheese Fruit held two aces;
Charlie held three.

Harris was going out one night.
His father asked him whither?
Harris, not wishing to deceive,
With blushes answered "With her."

Happy Henry went a-rowing,
When the waves ran mountain high;
Shed a tear for Happy Henry—
He's an angel in the sky.

Whatever trouble Adam had,
You never heard him rave
Because the barber cut him
While giving him a shave.

A cat has nine lives—so they say,
And that indeed is right;
But you never hear about a frog
And he croaks every night.

"My doggie is a Saint Bernard,"
Said Irving, small and quaint,
"But he's too ill behaved, I think,
To really be a saint."

Mr. Rawlings: "Why, now I think you've got some ink
Upon your gown so fair."
Miss McClure: "Oh, then I've passed too near
A fountain pen somewhere."

"Of what are you afraid, Irene?"
Inquired the kindly teacher;
"Oh sir, the flowers, they're wild you know,"
Remarked the timid creature.

Now I don't love my billy goat,
I wish that he were dead,
Because he kicked me, so he did,,
He kicked me with his head.

COMPLIMENTS OF

United States Radiator Corporation

EDWARDSVILLE, ILLINOIS

You can buy East—
Or can buy West—
But I know where
To buy the BEST

JULIAN HAT SHOP
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Dining Room

No other restaurant in Edwardsville like Funke's—the place you get the identical taste and flavor of a home cooked meal

Everything in Season at

FUNKE'S

Oscar met on his way to school
A savage old bear in the forest cool;
"Which way is he going," growled Bruin, aside,
"The same way as you, sir," the laddie replied.

* * *

HELEN HEIM'S COMMENTARIES ON EYES.

My eyes are very much alike
As you can plainly see,
And act in perfect harmony
And never disagree;
When to the right I turn one eye,
The other turns also,
And when I turn one to the left
So must the other go;
And when I wink with one eye
The other wants to wink;
Oh they are very much alike,
My two eyes—don't you think?

* * *

Long live the teachers,
In fact—let them live
Almost as long
As the lessons they give.

* * *

Shine my shoes, low Junior
You've pledged—do not forget.
Get the mop, massage the floor,
You're not a Senior yet.

* * *

Louis Shannon: "Say a fellow told me that I looked like you."
Orville Isaacs: "Where is he? I'll smash his face in."
Louis, the tall boy: "He isn't; I killed him."

* * *

Miss Stahl: "How many sexes are there, Marcella?"
Marcella Grebel: "Three."
Teacher: "Three? What are they?"
Marcella: "Male sex, female sex and insects."

* * *

Joe Kochanski: "Do you really believe that reading in a dark light ruins the eyes?"

* * *

"How is it that you can hear the flash of a gun in the distance long before you can see the report?" asked Mildred McCune.

COMPLIMENTS OF

L. A. MINDRUP

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Edwardsville's Self Serve Store

We Sell for Less Because It Costs Us Less to Sell

EBERHARDT'S MEAT MARKET

We sell
The Very Best
That Grow
and
Take this Chance
To tell you so

LET US PROVE IT

Bohm Bldg. Phone 390

Edwardsville, Ill.

COMPLIMENTS OF

G. W. BASSFORD

Curdie Miller (at a dance): "Hee haw, look there, Martha, someone lost a heel off his shoe."

Martha Schwartz: "Oh, mercy! That's my powder puff."

* * *

Oliver Ortgier is of a retiring and shrinking disposition. He retires early and shrinks from all work.

* * *

Three girls can keep a secret if one of them hasn't heard it yet and the other two are dead.

* * *

Have you ever heard of the land of yawn,
By the banks of the River Slow,
Where the blossoms of Waitawhile flower fair
And the Sonetimeorother scents the air,
And the soft Goeasies grow?
It lies in the valley of Whatsthause,
In the province of Letterslide;
Tired Feeling is a native there,
It's the home of the listless I-don't-care,
Where the put-it-offs abide.

* * *

We know a certain Sophomore girl who uses three-cent stamps on letters to match the passionate purple ink that she uses. How could one be more fastidious?

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Write for Catalog and Wholesale Prices
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Advance Football and Basketball Catalog Ready May 1

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Of this fairyland you get the cream
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Cold meats, salads, roasts and fish
Steaks, chops and every other dish

Everything No. 1 and all you want at

THE
UNIQUE RESTAURANT
Edwardsville, Illinois

"Will you let me," said the student,
As he quickly doffed his cap,
But the maiden with a right hook,
Handed him an awful slap;
The student's face was crimson,
As he stood before the lass,
But he finished out his sentence,
"Will you kindly let me pass."

"My supper's cold,"
He swore with vim;
And then she made it
Hot for him.

The student in his track suit stood,
The maiden's laugh was rippling,
And turning to her friend she said,
"That's what I call a stripling."

When Mary was a little child
She had a temper far from mild
For many locks were on her head,
Of fiery, fiery, reddish red.

A BRICK HOUSE

is the cheapest in the long run for it requires no painting, no repairs, no cost of upkeep. Worth as much when ten or twenty years old as the day it is built.

Don't let a comparatively small difference in first cost blind you to this fact when you build your home.

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WOODLAWN GARDENS

WE HAVE CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS
FOR ALL OCCASIONS

OVERHEARD IN UPPER ALTON.

Bill Delicate (Who went crazy from drink): "Is that clock right?"
Attendant Boeker: "Yes, Napoleon."
Bill: "Then why is it here?"

Student: "Can we have the piano in the gymnasium tonight?"
Mr. Ford: "Certainly."
Student: "All right, then have it brought down."

Caldwell: "Say, I certainly miss that gaboon since it's gone."
Leuker: "You missed it before. That's why it's gone."

"Father, why are the students carrying books to class today?"
"Ah, son, they have examinations today."

Man and Wife should live as one but they usually spend too much time trying to decide which one.

Marie Stullken: "I'd like to buy a Sunday hat."
Clerk: "A Sunday hat?"
Marie: "Yes, to wear on my week-end."

"I am certainly pressed for time."
"And so am I," remarked the other fossil.

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STARTERS
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Brandenberger
BATTERY SERVICE
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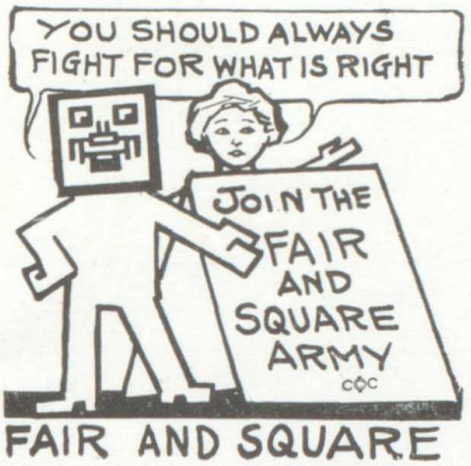

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MEAT

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MARKS, WEBER & COMPANY

Can Supply You With

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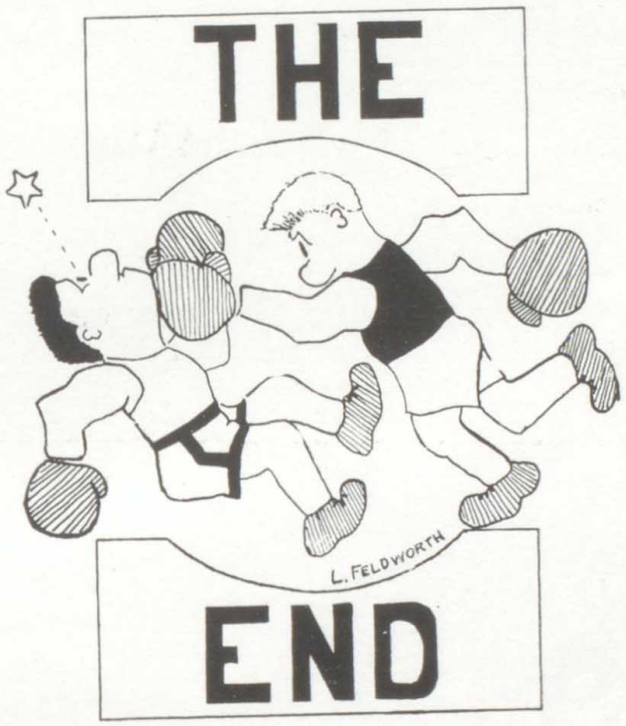
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